

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

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NO. 13

AFFINITY LOOSES FARM

Judge Whitney Decides in Favor of Mrs. Lord in the Lord-Reid Case

MAY CARRY CASE HIGHER

Judge Holds That Affinity Cannot Deprive Wife of Property Rightfully Belonging to Her

Judge Charles Whitney, judge of the Circuit court of this county Saturday morning decided against a man's alleged affinity and decided that no matter how strong a hold the woman might have upon him, the man has no right to deprive his wife and children of property in order to give it to the girl of whom he was enamored.

The decision was rendered in the famous Lord vs. Reid case, in which Mrs. Emma Lord, of Wausau, Wis., sought to obtain control of a farm near Lake Villa, which her husband, W. F. Lord, decided three years ago to Miss Genevieve Reid of Rochester, N. Y.

The case was filed with stories of a broken home, of shattered life, and of the love of a man for a woman. W. F. Lord was formerly general passenger agent for the Wisconsin Central railroad, with offices in Chicago, and was prominent in railroad circles of that city. He resided with his wife and two sons, and his family at first was all that could be desired.

Then entered Miss Reid as stenographer. From the outset, the life of Mr. Lord changed. He lavished gifts upon the girl, visited her in her Eastern home, and the last face upon which his eyes rested in the world was the face of the girl it is said.

He had spent practically all of his money upon her, and sought her home when he was about to die from heart trouble. It was claimed that he intended to gain a divorce from his wife and wed Miss Reid, but death stepped in and stopped the action.

Among the gifts which Mr. Lord gave Miss Reid was the farm known as the Jos. Kerr farm at Lake Villa valued at about \$7,000. It was over this farm that the case arose. Mrs. Lord and her two sons were left practically without money, and this farm held all their hopes.

A bill for resulting trust was filed before master in chancery, then Elam L. Clarke, and Mrs. Lord was defeated on this grounds. The bill was amended then to show that undue influence had been brought to bear upon Mr. Lord and the entire case with all its sordid details was heard again.

Then before Judge Whitney this year the matter of undue influence was argued and Friday the judge sustained the contention of the defense in regard to the resulting trust, but found that undue influence had been used in the transfer of the farm.

The defense was represented by Attorneys King, Parmelee and Beaubien and Mrs. Lord was represented by Cooke, Pope & Pope and Paul MacGuffin of Libertyville.

The principals of the law contended in the case strikes at the root of the principle of vested rights. Had Miss Reid obtained a loan on this farm, the one loaning the money would have lost it, although the title to the land in itself was perfect.

Love Souls.

Deep hearts, sage minds, take life as God has made it. It is a long trial, an incomprehensible preparation for an unknown destiny. This destiny, the true one, begins for man with the first step in the tomb. In the meanwhile, love and suffer, hope and contemplate. Woe, alas! to him who exalts have loved only bodies, form, appearances! Death will deprive him of all. Try to love souls; you will find them again. Victor Hugo.

Fault May Be In Eyesight.

Children who suffer very much from headaches without any apparent cause should be taken to an oculist to have their eyes examined. It may be that they are overstraining them without being conscious of the fact. Defects of the eyes can be cured in so many cases. If glasses are worn for a time, and even the thickest children soon become accustomed to wearing them.

GRAND AND PETIT JURORS

Are Chosen for December Term of the Circuit Court

The court docket for the Circuit term in December, opening December four, has been issued and contains entries of the following cases to come to trial.

Nineteen old and one new people's cases. One hundred thirty-four old and thirty-one new common law cases. One hundred forty-five old and thirty new chancery cases among the number are twenty-four suits for divorce.

GRAND JURY.

Monday, Dec. 4, 1911, at 10 o'clock, C. E. Howe, Benton. R. T. Krause, Benton. Eugene A. Reeves, Newport. Scott Levey, Antioch. Barney Trieger, Antioch. E. B. Scott, Grant. H. S. Sherwood, Avon. Charles Wright, Warren. Wm. A. Melody, Waukegan. Alex. Crammond, Waukegan. John B. Legnard, Waukegan. John Hayes, Waukegan. Percy Cumming, Shields. William Hamilton, Shields. Lewis B. Hanby, Libertyville. John Fredricks, Fremont. Wm. Dillon, Waukegan. Ira Frick, Cuba. Wm. Heinsohn, Elia. J. H. Westerfield, Vernon. Fred K. Horenberger, W. Deerfield. Fred Clow, Deerfield. W. J. Obee, Deerfield.

PETIT JURY.

Tuesday, Dec. 5, 1911, at 10 o'clock, W. G. Summers, Benton. Chas. Cashmore, Newport. Elmer Faulkner, Newport. Wm. Glensen, Newport. David Murrie, Newport. John Cribb, Antioch. George Huber, Antioch. Frank Burke, Warren. Wm. Bellinsky, Waukegan. Thos. Kirchner, Waukegan. M. Klarkowsky, Waukegan. Geo. Harvey, Waukegan. Chas. Harter, Waukegan. Frank Petkovsek, Waukegan. A. H. Seifert, Waukegan. W. E. Zells, Waukegan. Lambert Bax, Shields. Charles Larson, Shields. Clem Nelsen, Shields. Charles Kaiser, Libertyville. Wm. Maiman, Libertyville. Harry Pester, Libertyville. Frank L. Wright, Libertyville. August Meyer, Fremont. J. J. Rouse, Fremont. M. F. Wagner, Fremont. D. L. Putnam, Waukegan. Herman Junker, Elia. Geo. Theis, Elia. Frank Tulley, Vernon. Geo. H. Smith, Vernon. Wm. Horenberger, W. Deerfield. Aug. Winters, West Deerfield. T. H. Gall, Deerfield. John Stupey, Deerfield.

Why We Advertise.

Why do we go eighteen miles away from home across the line into another state and carry on the large ads that have appeared in the Antioch News for the past two months when the merchants of Antioch do not even advertise in their own paper? Because our Stock of Dry Goods, Clothing and Carpets is the largest in this section and we know that if we can interest the Antioch people enough to go to the trouble of coming to Burlington to do their buying that they will buy better goods and buy enough cheaper to repay their expenses many times. We feel privileged to call on our Antioch friends after the number of years we were among you. We have not the time to personally write every person in and about Antioch but knowing the better people of any community take the home paper we aim to reach you through the columns of your paper. An up-to-date merchant cannot sit still and let others advertise for him. Our advertising during the past two months has repaid us many times. We have renewed business dealings with many of our former Antioch friends. Every one of our many departments offers you the best of merchandise at prices lower than you can buy from firms that do not advertise. Our ladies and misses cloaks we are closing at greatly cut prices. We carry a larger stock of cotton and woolen goods on our Remnant counters than most merchants carry in stock. It will pay you to see them. Come to Burlington—tell us you are from Antioch.

C. G. Foltz Co.

Possible Cause of Leprosy.

Among the consoling people among whom the disease of leprosy is most prevalent the eating of raw fish is customary, and germs which would be destroyed if the fish were cooked are thus communicated.

CONFESSED HORRIBLE CRIME

Kenosha Man Kills Wife and Cousin With Axe and Horribly Mutilates Bodies

FEARS VICTIMS' SPECTERS

After Committing the Crime the Slayer Roamed About for Hours Fearing Compelled a Confession

Crazed with jealousy, Pasquale Marchesi of Kenosha, 27 years old murdered his wife and her alleged paramour Saturday night, beheading them and hacking both bodies with an axe. His other victim was Pasquale Marchesi, 19 years old, his cousin and namesake. After having wandered the woods twelve hours, while the entire police force of Kenosha hunted for the murderer, Marchesi appeared suddenly with hair disheveled and wildly staring eyes, a man apparently bereft of reason, before Rev. August Bandzone, pastor of the Italian Catholic church, and told what he had done.

With morning's dawn, he said, the specters of his headless wife and his other victim, that had haunted him all night had driven him to hide in the basement of the church. In the darkness there he imagined he heard the death cries of his wife and saw horrid forms of headless persons rushing at him through the blackness.

Then he rushed from his hiding place, went to the home of the parish priest, and sought relief in confession.

"I went home last night earlier than I had expected," he told the priest. "I had no suspicion of my wife's unfaithfulness, but just for fun I peeped in at her bedroom window. I was driven to senseless desperation. My wife and my cousin, my favorite cousin, were embracing each other. Our two babies were near by."

"I became insane. I ran to a woodshed in the rear and seized a lumberman's hand-axe. I returned to the chamber window with my only thought to revenge myself. I chopped off my cousin's head at the first blow of the axe."

"My wife started up and fought savagely. She begged forgiveness throwing herself on her knees. That was the end of her. Her defense had prevented the fatal blow, but her praying posture allowed the axe to swing free."

CORA HOOPER BECOMES BRIDE OF JAY SOMERS

On Saturday of last week Miss Cora Hooper, only daughter of Frank G. Hooper of this village, was united in marriage to Mr. Jay Somers, the ceremony taking place at the Irving Park Methodist church.

The bride is a prominent young lady with a large number of friends in this village who join with the News in extending to the happy couple best wishes for a long and happy journey through life.

Mr. and Mrs. Somers will be at home to their many friends at 4230 44th ave. Chicago.

Twining Plants.

One of the peculiarities to be noticed in connection with the twining of plants is the fact that with very few exceptions all the individuals of one species always twine in the same direction. Most plants twine in the opposite course to the movement of the sun or the hands of a watch. Such twiners are the morning glory, wistaria, wax plant, trumpet creeper and many others. Among those which twine in the opposite direction the hop and wild bladderweed, or climbing polygonum, are familiar examples.—Harper's Weekly.

Flaubert's First Novel.

Many hitherto unpublished works by Gustave Flaubert have appeared of recent years. None of them has been devoid of interest, but "November," now published by Conrad, is noteworthy. It was Flaubert's first novel, written in 1842, when he was twenty-one, and before all else a dreamer and lyricist. The story is of a young man who has lived in the realm of imagination.—The Athenaeum.

SAILOR KILLED BY TRAIN

Was Returning to Station After Attending a Dance at the Armory

WAS WALKING ON TRACKS

Stepped Out of Way of Freight Directly Into the Path of a Passenger Train Coming at High Speed

While returning to the naval training station after attending the dance given by the Catholic Girl's Club at the armory last night, Yeoman P. F. Regan, yeoman in the office of the Chief Yeoman at the naval station, was struck by a passenger train at North Chicago and instantly killed.

Regan, who is said to be the largest man at the naval station, was walking along the railroad tracks, as the last electric car had gone and perceiving a freight approaching from the rear stepped from the tracks, directly in front of the passenger train which was approaching at a high rate of speed.

The body of the sailor was thrown several feet into the air, and the train was brought to a stop as quick as possible. He was picked up by members of the crew and taken to Waukegan.

Regan had been in the service for three years. He enlisted in the navy at New York city and after a term at the training ship and school, was assigned to duty on board the ship Georgia.

Here he arose from the rank of ordinary seaman to yeoman and later was raised to the position of yeoman, which is a degree of petty officer.

He was but 21 years of age. Almost a giant in stature, Regan towered head and shoulders over the other recruits and enlisted men at the school. His home was in New York city, and it is expected that he will be shipped there for burial.

Regan had been at the naval station but about six months, being assigned to duty at the station by the navy department from the U. S. S. Georgia in the latter part of May. He was stationed in the office of the Chief Yeoman in the administration building.

Before going to the dance he had changed his uniform and was in civilian clothes at the dance. Upon arriving at North Chicago, however, he stopped and exchanged his civilian clothes for the regular uniform, leaving his other clothes at the auditorium.

WADSWORTH YOUNG COUPLE MARRIED

On Wednesday, Nov. 22, at the 7:30 o'clock mass at the Mill Creek church, occurred the marriage of Florence Celestia Slavin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Slavin, and Gug Deitmeyer, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Deitmeyer.

A wedding breakfast was served at the bride's home at which forty guests were seated, many being from out of town.

After a short wedding trip the happy couple will begin housekeeping on the Frank Secum farm.

Both the young people are very popular and have the best wishes of their many friends.

Duty Not to Be Delayed.

He was a railroad man and spoke mostly in railroad terms. He was the father of two boys. One day he invited the minister home to dinner. The hungry boys wanted to pitch in—as usual—but the father, in a stern voice, cautioned them to wait. The minister bowed his head to return thanks. The boys' innocent of what was being done, began to eat before the blessing was half said. "Excuse me a minute," said the father, addressing the minister, "until I switch a few empties."

Be Honest With Children.

It should need no long discussion to convince parents that, if they want their children to be honest and straightforward, they must be honest and straightforward in dealing with their little ones. Children are such ardent imitators that it behooves their elders to set the best example for them in speech and action.

TYPHOID CLAIMS VICTIM

William Hucker, Succumbs to Severe Attack of Fever

The first of the many typhoid fever cases in this vicinity, to terminate fatally is that of William Hucker, who passed away Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock.

He had been confined to his bed about four weeks although the disease was making inroads on his constitution for some little time previous to his giving up. At first it was thought that all was favorable toward his recovery and at one time he was fast nearing the stage when he would be allowed to sit up, but his continued worry over the condition of his wife, who is also very ill with the same disease, seemed to retard his progress and on Tuesday morning he suffered a serious relapse, passing away the same afternoon.

Mr. Hucker was born on the Hucker farm south of town, February 24, 1872. In the year of 1899 he was united in marriage to Miss Vida Richards and settled down to housekeeping on the home farm, remaining there until a couple of years ago when they removed to an adjoining farm which they had purchased.

He is survived by his wife and five children, four girls the eldest about eleven years old and one boy less than two years of age. Besides his mother Mrs. John Hucker, and one sister, Mrs. H. S. Messing.

The deceased was a member of the Antioch M. E. church and has led a life in accordance with his professed faith. He was a member of Lotus Camp, M. W. A. and also of Sequoit lodge A. F. & A. M. and the Eastern Star.

The funeral will be held at the M. E. church Friday afternoon at one o'clock, the Masons having charge.

LAKE COUNTY TAX VALUES NOT RAISED

According to a dispatch from Springfield, the tax values fixed by his assessors are not to be changed by the committees of equalizers although several changes are made in other counties. In the assessment of lots a ten per cent reduction has been ordered in McHenry county.

The dispatch follows: Springfield, Ill., Nov. 23.—The report of the lands and lots and personal property committees of the state board of equalization, committee today show little change from the figures prepared by the local assessors.

The assessment on lots is left the same with the exception of reduction of 5 per cent in Hancock county, 5 per cent in Rock Island county, 10 per cent in McHenry county and 10 per cent in Adams county.

The assessment on lands remains the same as reported except for reductions of 10 per cent in Rock Island county, 5 per cent in Henderson county, 2 per cent in Ogle county, 5 per cent in Madison county, and 4 per cent in Christian county, and 2 per cent in Lee county.

FILE PETITIONS FOR CHANGE OF COUNTY

The petitions for the change of county in the Zion election cases have been filed in County court, by Attorneys Field and Barnes for General Overseer Voliva, each one stating it was impossible for Voliva to gain a fair trial in this county.

Appended to the petitions were a large assortment of newspaper clippings to show the spread of the conditions of affairs in Zion City, and showing how the newspapers had prejudiced the people of Lake county against Zion City in general and Voliva in particular.

Only 36 were filed, as that is the number who have appeared in County court and plead. But a stipulation was whereby the same decision of the court will apply to all cases under discussion.

Rap at English Language.

Mr. Ruskin was once asked if it would not be well for the Welsh language to die out and be replaced by the English. "God forbid!" he replied. "The Welsh language is the language of music. There is no genius about the English language. The Scotch have got all the poetry and the Irish all the wit, and how the devil we got Shakespeare I do not know."

To Brighten Brass Bed.

Oum shellac dissolved in alcohol makes a thin varnish, which should be applied with a small brush. Ten cents' worth of shellac is enough. Add also enough alcohol to make it thin. This will lacquer a brass bed and the work can be done in less than an hour.

EDITORS PUT BAN ON NEW CRE

Springfield Convention Nounces Referendum Initiative and Recall

RAP THE DIRECT PR

More Than One Hundred of Prominent Newspapers Stare Were Represented

Denouncing the proposition and referendum as socialistic and destructive of good government, the Springfield convention today nounced the direct primary for local county nomination the principles of the present system and taking a single trust press the Republic Association of Illinois in convention today adopted a declaration of principles for the guidance of those who would see the Republican party maintained in Illinois.

The surprise of the day was the wallops taken at the direct primary. While it was a foregone conclusion that the initiative and referendum would be severely denounced, it was not thought likely that even the "unhampered" and "untrammeled" country press would have the courage to stand up and characterize the direct primary as a rich man's law, a useless burden of expense upon the people and a general humbug.

One hundred of the more prominent Republican newspapers of the state were represented in the convention and not a single editor arose to defend the present primary law when the declaration of party principles was read. Admitting that the direct nomination might be all right in local elections, the pronouncement of the editors calls for a repeal of the law affecting all other nominations. The declaration stands for the convention and the representative system of government, instead of the direct primary and the direct primary and the initiative and referendum.

The text of the pronouncement follows: "Whereas, The country is on the eve of a general campaign, and it is the province of the press to stimulate party unity and thereby contribute to the continuance of the policies which have invariably produced prosperity and general welfare.

"Therefore, we, the Republican Editorial Association of Illinois, reaffirm our loyalty to the principles of the Republican party. We unqualifiedly approve the candidacy of Wm. H. Taft for re-election to the Presidency and heartily endorse both our national and state administrations.

"We adhere to the Republican principle of protection and favor a scientific revision of the tariff which contemplates the maintenance of the American rate of wages and the American standard of living. We are unalterably opposed to socialistic doctrines embodied in the initiative, referendum and recall and denounce these measures as destructive of Republican government.

"We demand from every candidate who seeks nomination in the Republican primary on the state, district and county tickets that he publicly pledge himself prior to the primary election to support the successful candidate and we regard the advisory primary vote of the state as a whole on United States Senator as binding on members of the General Assembly.

"We recognize that the state wide primary law is not productive of the result intended; that it is a rich candidate's advantage and not a poor one's opportunity; that it is a taxation burden on the people, and in its operation nullifies party harmony and substitutes plurality rule for majority rule.

"Therefore, we recommend an amendment to limit nominations by primaries to county and minor offices, and recommend a system of conventions composed of delegates chosen by the people at primary elections for all nominations for higher than county offices. These conventions should be the final arbiters of men and measures within their jurisdiction."

Valuable Invention.

A man in East India has invented an electric pen that carbonizes the sheet of paper over which it passes.

ANTIOCH NEWS

A. D. JOHNSON, Publisher

ANTIOCH

ILLINOIS

TOAD ACTS AS A BAROMETER

Reptile Foretells All the Changes in the Weather for Police of Western Town.

A police station in a western city has a trustworthy weather prophet. It is a frog of the genus *Hyla*, generally known as the toad. The reptile was induced to act as a barometer by a policeman who was formerly an old frontiersman.

He threw into a glass jar some stones and added a couple of inches of water. Then he whittled out a little wooden ladder and put it into the jar. After some lively scrambling a toad was caught, placed in the jar and a tin lid screwed above him. The weather indicator was complete. When it is going to be fair weather the toad roosts on the top round of the ladder, solemnly blinking the hours away. From twelve to fifteen hours before a change to bad weather the toad begins to climb down, and hours before a storm sets in he squats himself on a stone, and, with his head just above the surface of the water, peers aloft at the coming storm. Let the weather be changeable and "shifting" as "Old Prob" says, and the toad goes up and down the ladder like a sacred midwife. When it is fair, and the toad roosts aloft, his skin is of a light grayish green. When the change comes the skin turns black as the toad goes down the ladder, becoming a jet shining black by time the creature reaches the bottom.

The Art of Resigning.

I have an Irishman driving one of my teams who has worked for me for ten years. He is just as faithful as the day is long. Every now and then he has "blue" days. He thinks he is not appreciated.

Last week Pat sent me his resignation. He gave no reason. I wrote back accepting his resignation without comment.

The next morning, while I was chewing my special brand of plug on the ship's platform, up comes Pat. "Sez he, 'Mike Kinney, what do you mean by accepting my resignation? Isn't my work satisfactory?"

"Sez I, 'Pat, didn't I understand your note to offer your resignation?"

"Yes," sez he, "but Mike Kinney, you know damn well I didn't mean to resign."

"But, Pat," sez I, "you have resigned, you are out, and now there is nothing to discuss."

"Sez he, 'Then I withdraw my resignation.'"

"All right," sez I, "Pat, you're back on the pay-roll. But Pat when I hauled ore in the early days in Leadville it wasn't the best thing to make a 'gun play' unless you meant business."

"You're right," sez Pat, "I shed my shootin' iron right now."—Mike Kinney, Teamster Editor in the Gimlet.

Placid Hindu Servants.

Hindu servants are the most imperturbable people in the world. You may throw one downstairs, or put him on the back. He accepts both with exactly the same expression of countenance. The Indian's religion is at the bottom of all his acts; all his feelings. He eats, sleeps, moves and has his being according to religious formula, his whole philosophy of life. The fact and his doctrine of reincarnation forms that you are the master now is due to the fact that you have been the servant in some previous incarnation. He is the servant now, and the only chance for him to be born in the master's position is to learn all the lessons of his present incarnation. He takes everything philosophically. It is all a part of the day's work.—Argus.

Debarred.

The was stopped short in front of a restaurant and shook his head sadly.

"Alas!" he murmured, to the traffic in general.

"What's the matter?" said the man who was with him.

"I should like very much to breakfast in there," he answered, pointing to the restaurant, at whose door was the appetizing sign: "Special Club Breakfasts."

"Well, then, why don't you?" inquired the friend.

"Because I'm not a member of the Special Club," replied the wag, bursting into tears.

Impossible.

"You'd better fumigate these bills before you go home. They may be covered with microbes," said the druggist one Saturday evening as he handed a few faded, worn, and soiled silver certificates to his clerk.

"No danger from that source," responded the latter, "a microbe could not live on a drug-clerk's salary."—National Monthly.

Matches.

"Now they claim that the human body contains sulphur."

"In what amount?"

"Oh, in varying quantities."

"Well, that may account for some girls making better matches than others."—Judge.

Disturbing Pattern.

"What do you think of my new winter togs?"

"Unless you button your coat over that vest, I am afraid I won't be able to think."

FIRE ON NANKING

SHELLING OF ANCIENT CHINESE CAPITAL IS BEGUN BY REBELS.

LOSS ON BOTH SIDES HEAVY

Hundreds of Imperialists Are Slain in Battle in Which Revolutionaries Advance Irresistibly—Commander of Besieged Forces Flees.

Nanking.—The bombardment of Nanking, the ancient capital of China, by the revolutionary forces who have surrounded the city for several days, has begun with an apparent determination that the last stronghold of the Manchus south of the Yangtze must eventually fall.

From the Tiger Hill fort for several hours big guns spoke repeatedly, while further up along the northeast, from the top of Purple mountain, overlooking the Ming tombs for a fifteen miles, smaller forts scattered shells into every section of the city.

General Wong, second in command of the defenders, is among those killed and it is believed General Chang, chief in command, has quit the city, convinced that its defense is doomed to failure.

In the engagement the rebels exhibited superb disregard for the perils of battle and fought with irresistible fury, crowding forward over the bodies of dead and dying comrades.

The imperialists are known to have lost 1,000 men and it is reasonably certain additional hundreds of the government troops fell.

Losses on the rebel side were enormous, but these did not deter the furious advance of the attackers. The imperialists, never for a moment given opportunity to launch a crushing retaliatory movement, finally fled into the city for shelter.

During the earlier part of the day the imperialists attempted a sortie against the attacking forces, with a view to recapturing their positions and guns, but were driven back inside the walls with heavy losses.

The Tiger hill batteries, meanwhile, were pounding shells into Lion hill. They succeeded in silencing the Manchu batteries there, which it is suspected were of little value.

The object of the first seizure of Tiger hill was shown by the early appearance of four rebel cruisers, and later in the day of other warships.

Although pillage and slaughter is sternly forbidden by the revolutionary leaders, there is danger of a massacre in Nanking when the city falls.

SLAYS HIS WIFE AND COUSIN

Wronged Husband Decapitates Woman and Man With Hatchet—Hides in Church—Tells Priest.

Kenosha, Wis.—Tortured by the mental picture of his headless wife and her paramour, whom he slew at his home in Kenosha, Pasquale Marchesi, twenty-seven years old, a merchant, went to a priest and confessed the double crime, which had theretofore not been discovered. The young avenger of his honor was turned over to the Kenosha police, who are closely guarding him for fear of possible mob violence.

According to Marchesi, he went home earlier at night than usual, and found his wife, Rosaria, and his cousin and namesake occupying Mrs. Marchesi's bedchamber. The younger Marchesi, who was not of age, had been a favorite of the husband, and the scene drove him mad, he said. Without allowing his presence to be known, Marchesi went to a wood shed, procured a hand ax, crept to the bedroom and chopped off the heads of the two lovers.

Taking his baby, two months old, from the arms of his slain wife, Marchesi washed the blood from his face, carried it to the home of his brother and said his wife was ill. He returned to the house, dressed his daughter Josephine, four years old, and took her to his brother's house.

Marchesi then returned to the house, concealed the hatchet and began wandering about the city. As morning began to dawn the speculators that had haunted Marchesi all night as he slunk through back streets drove him to hide in the basement of an Italian church.

As the music of the morning mass came faintly to his ears from the auditorium above, he said, he thought he distinguished the words, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." Then he rushed from his hiding place, went to the home of the parish priest and sought relief in confessing what he had done.

After the priest had turned Marchesi over to the police the slayer told a connected story of the crime, pleading that he had felt justified in killing the pair at the time the deed was committed, but that later he was sorry.

Spencer to Die in Chair. Springfield, Mass.—After being out for five hours a jury convicted Boston G. Spencer of the murder of Miss Martha B. Blackstone. He will be sentenced to death in the electric chair. His defense was insanity.

Weds Before He Enters Prison. Rockford, Ill.—Miss Lillian Rano, was married to William Contland, who was later taken to Joliet to begin a sentence of one to twenty years. The ceremony was performed in the county jail.

Chase Quits as Manager. New York.—Hal Chase resigned as manager of the American league club at a conference with Frank Farrell, owner of the club. He will play first base next season, receiving the same salary as last season.

Three Die in Hotel Fire. Nashua, N. H.—Three men are dead and a fourth is in a hospital in a serious condition as the result of inhaling smoke in a fire that burned the interior of the Benton hotel, a lodging house near the Union station.

Cleared of Murder Charge. Mason City, Ia.—Thomas Brewer was found not guilty of the murder of Morrell Seymore. He acknowledged shooting him, but put in the plea of self-defense.

DEFENDS HER ACT

MRS. PATTERSON DESCRIBES EVENTS OF TRAGIC DAY IN

Declares Husband Threatened Her Life When She Refused to Do as He Requested.

Denver, Colo.—Much of the testimony given by Mrs. Gertrude Gibson Patterson in her own defense against the charge of murdering her husband, Charles A. Patterson, was unfit for publication.

"Why don't you withdraw your divorce suit and sign over that deed to me and I'll withdraw my suit against Strauss and come home," the witness testified her husband asked her when they met in the day of the murder.

"He still was persisting that I sign over all my property to him, and said: 'You will sign, or I'll choke the life out of you.' Then he seized me by the throat, I screamed and he let me go. He pulled a clipping from his pocket and asked: 'Have you seen this?' and he handed it to me."

"What was it?" Attorney Hilton asked. "It was about a suit for \$25,000 damages which Mr. Patterson had filed against Mr. Strauss for alienation of my affections."

"Did Mr. Patterson say anything then?" "Yes, he said he would drop the suit if I would deed the lungalow to him, turn my bank stock over to him and drop my divorce suit."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," I replied. Then he struck me a blow full in the face and I staggered."

"What then took place?" "He struck me again and knocked me to the ground and kicked me."

"What then?" "I was struggling to my feet and he was kicking me."

"And then?" "I opened my bag and got out my revolver and fired."

"How many times?" "I don't know."

"Do you remember anything after that?" "No."

"Till when?" "Not until I awoke in jail the next day."

STEAMER ASHORE ON ISLAND

Liner Prinz Joachim, With W. J. Bryan Aboard, on Rock—Passengers Taken Off.

New York.—Twenty five miles off her course, the steamer Prinz Joachim in the Atlas service of the Hamburg-American line, is ashore on Samana



W. J. Bryan.

Island, an uninhabitable rock about a mile wide and eight miles long, thirty miles north of Fortune Island, Bahamas.

A message received here stated that the passengers and mails had been transferred to the Ward liner Segurana.

William Jennings Bryan, his wife and son were among those on board.

PARIS EDITORS FIGHT DUEL

Combat Results From Allegations Made Against Mme. Curie and Prof. Langevin—One Wounded.

Paris.—A vicious duel with swords was fought by M. Daudet, editor of Action Francaise, and M. Chervot, editor of Oll Blas.

The affair grew out of the allegations made against Mme. Curie and her co-worker in scientific research, Professor Langevin, by the wife of the latter in the suit which she recently instituted.

M. Daudet was wounded in the arm. A reconciliation between the combatants followed.

Col. Thomas B. Davis Dead. Koyser, W. Va.—Col. Thomas B. Davis, a former member of congress from Virginia and brother of Henry Gasaway Davis, former United States senator, died at his home here.

Three Die in Hotel Fire. Nashua, N. H.—Three men are dead and a fourth is in a hospital in a serious condition as the result of inhaling smoke in a fire that burned the interior of the Benton hotel, a lodging house near the Union station.

Cleared of Murder Charge. Mason City, Ia.—Thomas Brewer was found not guilty of the murder of Morrell Seymore. He acknowledged shooting him, but put in the plea of self-defense.

Chase Quits as Manager. New York.—Hal Chase resigned as manager of the American league club at a conference with Frank Farrell, owner of the club. He will play first base next season, receiving the same salary as last season.

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PRINCIPALS IN BEATTIE CASE

Mrs. Beattie.

Paul Beattie.



Paul Beattie.

BEATTIE CONFESSES TAR MEN TO JAIL

VIRGINIAN GOES TO ELECTRIC CHAIR—LEAVES STATEMENT WITH MINISTERS.

Sorry He Committed Crime

Walks to Chair Refusing Life Lease—An Admission of Slaying Earned—Maintains His Nerve to End of Ordeal.

Richmond, Va.—The state of Virginia took the life of Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., in payment for the wife's life he took last July—and the state made no mistake. The boy himself made that plain before he went to the electric chair.

Welcoming death as a relief from the torment he declared he was suffering, he walked bravely to the death chair, securing the thirty-day reprieve Governor Mann had promised as a reward for confessing his guilt.

Beattie's confession was made public following a conference between the ministers who counseled the prisoner in his last hours and Henry Clay Beattie, Sr. The ministers and the aged father decided that the confession should be made public, and this was done.

The confession was as follows: "I, Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., desirous of standing right before God and man, do, on this, the twenty-third day of November, confess my guilt of the crime charged against me. Much that was published concerning the details was not true, but the awful fact, without the harrowing circumstances, remains. For this action I am truly sorry and believing that I am at peace with God and am soon to pass into his presence, this statement is made."

(Signed) "HENRY CLAY BEATTIE, JR." To the confession was appended a note from the clergymen:

"This statement was signed in the presence of the two attending ministers and is the only statement that can and will be made public by them."

"Mr. Beattie desires to thank the many for kind letters and expressions of interest and the public for what ever sympathy was felt or expressed."

Beattie went in his death calmly, showing not a trace of a breakdown in the iron will which had sustained him since he was arrested for the slaying of his wife.

Just one minute was required to snuff out the life of the condemned man.

THIRTY KILLED IN PLUNGE

Entire Passenger Train Falls With Bridge in France Into Flood Swollen Stream.

Paris.—Thirty passengers lost their lives by the breaking down of a bridge over which a train was passing on the State railway near Sannur.

The train, which was bound from Angers to Poitiers, carried about 100 passengers. While crossing the bridge over the Thouet river the structure, which had been weakened by recent floods, gave way, sending the entire train into the swollen stream.

Illinois Contractor Dies. Bloomington, Ill.—F. Rees, for forty years a prominent contractor of Bloomington, is dead, aged seventy-six. He built the government building at the Chicago world's fair, and also ten Carnegie libraries at various points in Illinois.

Cleared of Murder Charge. Mason City, Ia.—Thomas Brewer was found not guilty of the murder of Morrell Seymore. He acknowledged shooting him, but put in the plea of self-defense.

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OFFICIAL INVITATION TO AMERICANS

HOW ROBERT ROGERS, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, IN WINNIPEG ADDRESS, ISSUES WELCOME OF AMERICANS TO WESTERN CANADA.

During the course of a reply to an address presented to Hon. Robert Rogers, the newly appointed Minister of the Interior of Canada at a banquet given at Winnipeg in his honor that gentleman spoke on immigration. The tone of his remarks was that he intended to pursue an aggressive and forward policy in the matter of immigration. In part, he said:

"The most important branch perhaps of that department (interior) is that of immigration."

"If there is anything more than another we want here it is a greater population, and it shall be my duty to present to the people in all parts of the world where desirable emigrants are to be found the advantages and the great possibilities of this country. We have received in the past a reasonably large immigration from south of the international boundary, and in this connection let me say just a word for our American cousins who have found happy homes amongst us, and those whom we hope to welcome in greater numbers in the years to come. There are hundreds of thousands of them in our prairie provinces, happy in the enjoyment of a freedom as great as they ever knew, and all contributing in a material way towards the development of Canada. We are not blind to their value as settlers. They come better equipped with scientific farming knowledge than most of our emigrants, and constitute without doubt the wealthiest class of emigrants any new country has ever known. As head of the immigration department it will be my privilege to offer them a welcome hearty and sincere, and to so contribute to their welfare that under the protecting folds of the Union Jack they will enjoy all the degree of liberty and happiness as under the Stars and Stripes. The Borden government cherishes nothing but the kindest feelings for the people of the great republic to the south, and will do all in its power to increase the bonds of kinship and neighborly good feeling that has so long existed. (Heard, heard.)

"While we adopt a vigorous immigration policy in that country, we will also adopt the same vigorous policy in other parts of the world. We will go to England, Ireland and Scotland, and every other country irrespective of race, creed or nationality, where we can find suitable and desirable emigrants for this great country. I think much good work can be done in these countries, and especially perhaps at the present time in England, Ireland and Scotland. Now, then, it will be my duty to stir up that policy in the most vigorous manner possible."

A DIFFERENCE.



Teasle—I suppose you won't marry unless you find one girl in a million. Tom—No; with a million.

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Backache is usually kidney ache. There is only one way to remove the pain. You must reach the cause—the kidneys. No better kidney remedy exists than Doan's Kidney Pills. Mrs. John A. Link, 123 E. Terry St., Bucyrus, O., says: "I was so terribly afflicted with kidney complaint, I could not leave my bed. I was attended by several doctors but they all failed to help me. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me relief after I had given up all hope and soon cured me. I have had no kidney trouble in three years."

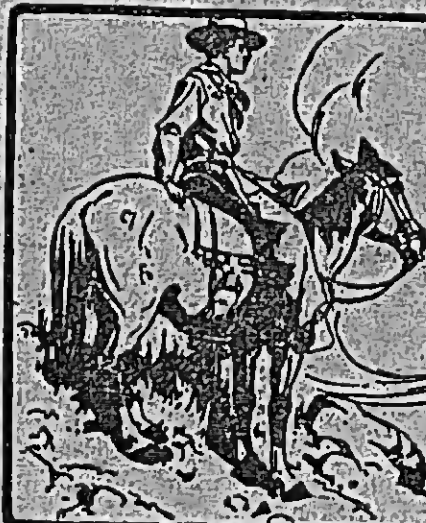
"When Your Back Is Lame, Remember the Name—DOAN'S." 50c. all stores. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Age of an Egg. In a glass of water the fresh egg will assume a horizontal position. The egg of three to five days makes with the horizon an angle of 30 degrees. The angle increases to 45 degrees for an egg eight days old, to 75 for one of three weeks, and at 80 days the egg rests on its point.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

It is safe to trust God in anything. It is safe to trust him in everything.

Some girls would lose out, even if every year was a leap year.



KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS
By RANDALL DARRISH

Author of "My Lady of the South"
When Wilderness Was King
Illustrations by DEARBORN MELVILLE

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SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is looking for a new place to live. He goes a wagon team at full gallop pursued by men on ponies. When Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred two men and departed. He searches the victims' papers and finds a letter with a woman's portrait. Keith is arrested at Carson City, where he meets a man named Black Bart. A negro companion in his cell named Nabe tells him that he knew the victim in Virginia. Nabe says one of the murderers was John Sibley, the other Gen. Willis White, former Confederate officer. The plainsman and Nabe escape and later the fugitives come upon a cabin and find its occupant to be a young girl, whom Keith thinks he saw at Carson City. The girl explains that she is in search of a brother, who has deserted from the army and that a Mr. Hawley lured her to come to the cabin where he sought her brother. Hawley appears, and Keith in hiding recognizes him as Black Bart. There is a terrible battle in the darkened room in which Keith is the victor. Horrors are appropriated, and the girl who says that her name is Hope, joins the escape. Keith explains his situation and the fugitives make for Fort Larned, where the girl is left with the hotel landlady. Miss Hope tells that she is the daughter of General White, Keith and Nabe drift into Sheridan, where Keith meets his old friend, Dr. Fairbairn. Keith meets the brother of Hope White, under the assumed name of Fred Williams, and becomes convinced that Black Bart has some plot involving the two. Hope learns that Gen. White, who was thought murdered, is at Sheridan, and goes there.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

It was growing dark, the outside world, now consisting of level plains, fading into darkness, with a few great stars burning overhead. Trampmen lit the few smoking oil lamps screwed against the sides of the car, and its occupants became little more than dim shadows. All by this time were fatigued into silence, and several were asleep, finding such small comfort as was possible on the cramped seats. Hope glanced toward the heretofore noisy group at the rear—the girl nearest her rested with unconscious head pillowed upon the shoulder of her man friend, and both were sleeping. How haggard and ghastly the woman's powdered face looked, with the light just above it, and all semblance of joy gone. It was as though a mask had been taken off. Out in the darkness the engine whistled sharply, and then came to a humming stop at some desert station. Through the black window a few lanterns could be seen flickering about, and there arose the sound of gruff voices speaking. The sleepers inside, aroused by the sharp stop, rolled over and swore, seeking easier postures. Then the front door opened, and slammed shut, and a new passenger entered. He came down the aisle, glancing carelessly at the upturned faces, and finally sank into the seat directly opposite Hope. He was a broad shouldered man, his coat buttoned to the throat, with strong face showing clearly beneath the broad hat brim and lighted up with a pair of shrewd, kindly eyes. The conductor came through, nodded at him, and passed on. Hope thought he must be some official of the road, and ventured to break the prolonged silence with a question:

"Could you tell me how long it will be before we reach Sheridan?"

She had partially pushed aside her veil in order to speak more clearly, and the man, turning at sound of her voice, took off his hat, his searching eyes quizzical.

"Well, no, I can't, madam," the words coming with a jerk. "For I'm not at all sure we'll keep the track. Ought to make it in an hour, however. If everything goes right, live in Sheridan?"

She shook her head, uncertain how frankly to answer.

"No loss to your worst place to live in on earth—no exceptions—I know—been there myself three months—got friends there likely?"

"I hardly know," she acknowledged doubtfully. "I think so, but I shall have to hunt some place in which to stay tonight. Can you tell me of some respectable hotel, or boarding house?"

The man wheeled about, until he could look at her more clearly.

"That's a pretty hard commission, Miss," he returned uneasily. "There may be such a place in Sheridan, but I have never found it. Old Mother Shattuck keeps roomers, but she won't have a woman in the house. I reckon you'll have to try it at the hotel—I'll get you in there if I have to mesmerize the clerk—you'll find it a bit noisy though."

"Oh, I thank you so much, I don't mind the noise, so it is respectable." He laughed good humoredly.

"Well, I don't propose to vouch for that—the proprietor ain't out there for his health—but, I reckon, you won't have no serious trouble—the boys mostly know a good woman when they see one—which isn't often—anyhow, they're liable to be decent enough as long as I vouch for you."

"But you know nothing of me."

"Don't need to—your face is enough—I'll get you the room all right."

She hesitated, then asked:

"Are you—are you connected with the railroad?"

"In a way, yes—I'm the contract surgeon—had to dig a bullet out of a water-tank tender back yonder—folks low howled as though I was killing

him—no nerve—mighty poor stuff most of the rifle-rat out here—ball wasn't in much below the skin—Indian must have plugged him from the top of the bluff—blame good shot too—ragged looking slug—like to see it?"

She shook her head energetically.

"Don't blame you—nothing very uncommon—get a dozen cases like it a day sometimes—stay in Sheridan, show you something worth while—very pretty surgical operation to-morrow—come round and get you if you care to see it—get to open the stomach—don't know what I'll find—like to go?"

"Oh, no! I'm sure you mean it all kindly, but—but I would rather not."

"Hardly supposed you would—only knew one woman who cared for that sort of thing much—she was nursing for me during the war—had a hair lip and an eye like a dagger—good nurse though—rather have your kind round me—over nurse any? Could get you a dozen jobs in Sheridan—new prospects every night—fifty dollars a week—what do you say?"

"But I'm not seeking work, Doctor," smiling in spite of her bewilderment.

"I have money enough with me."

"Well, I didn't know—thought maybe you wanted a job, and didn't like to ask for it—have known 'em like that—no harm done—if you over do want anything like that, just come to me—my name's Fairbairn—everybody

has charge to the clinders below. Bending before her, and butting his great shoulders into the surging crowd, he succeeded in pushing a passage through, thus finally bringing her forth to the edge of the street.

"Hey, there," he said shortly, grabbing a shirt-sleeved individual by the arm. "Where's Charlie?"

The fellow looked at him wonderingly.

"Charlie? Oh, you mean the 'kid'? Well, he ain't here tonight; had a wedding, and is totin' the bridal couple round."

Fairbairn swore discreetly under his breath, and cast an uncertain glance at the slender figure shrinking beside him. The streets of Sheridan were not over pleasant at night.

"Only back in town is somewhere else, Miss," he explained briefly. "I reckon you and I will have to hoof it."

He felt the grip of her fingers on his sleeve.

"The boys are a little noisy, but it's just their way—don't mean anything—you hang on to me, and I'll keep the veil down—we'll be there in the shake of a dog's tail."

He helped her over the muddy crossing, and as they reached a stretch of board walk, began expatiating on the various places lining the way.

"That's the 'Mammoth' over there—dance hall back of it—biggest thing west of the Missouri—three men killed

'em play? All right, just thought I'd ask you—it's early anyhow, and things wouldn't be going very lively yet. Say, there, you red head, what are you trying to do?"

The fellow had lurched out of the crowd in such a manner as to brush partially aside the girl's veil, permitting the glare of "Shenny Mike's" lights to fall full upon her revealed face. It was accomplished so openly as to appear planned, but before he could reel away again, Fairbairn struck out, and the man went down. With an oath he was on his feet, and Hope cowered back against her protector.

Each man had weapons drawn, the crowd scurrying madly to keep out of the line of fire, when, with a stride, a new figure stopped quietly in between them. Straight as an arrow, broad shouldered, yet small, vested as a woman, his hair hanging low over his coat-collar, his face smooth shaven except for a long, moustache, and emotionless, the revolver in his belt untouched, he simply looked at the two, and then struck the revolver out of the drunken man's hand. It fell harmless to the ground.

"And don't you pick it up until I tell you, Scott," he said quietly. "If you do you've got to fight me."

Without apparently giving the fellow another thought, he wheeled and faced the others.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Doctor? The drunken fool won't make any more trouble. Where were you taking the lady?"

"To the hotel, Bill."

"I'll walk along with you. I reckon the boys will give us plenty of room." He glanced over the crowd, and then more directly at Scott.

"Pick up your gun!" the brief words snapping out. "This is the second time I've caught you hunting trouble. The next time you are going to find it. I saw you run into this lady—what did you do it for?"

"I only wanted to see who she was, Bill."

"You needn't call me Bill. I don't trot in your class. My name is Hickock to you. Was it any of your affair who she was?"

"I reckon I know'd her, and I did."

The marshal turned his eyes toward Hope, and then back upon Scott, evidently slightly interested.

"So? Recognized an old friend, I suppose?"

The slight sneer in "Wild Bill's" soft voice caused Scott to flame up in sudden passion.

"No, I didn't, but I called the turn just the same—she's Christie Macclair."

The marshal smiled.

"All right, little boy," he said soberly. "Now you trot straight along to bed. Don't let me catch you on the street again tonight, and I'll advise you not to pull another gun—you're too slow on the trigger for this town. Come along, Doctor, and we'll get Miss Macclair to her hotel."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pity the Chinese Student.

A new map of China was recently published by a German house which undertakes to transcribe the chief names in the exact forms which they assume in the dialects of the respective provinces as well as the commonly accepted form. In this way the fifteen chief dialects are represented, says the National Review. The commonly accepted form is printed in black, the dialect forms in black.

Thus such unfamiliar forms appear as Tachow for Tachow, Fup for Fup, Fulan for Fulan, Hokkion for Fokion, Sjuncheon for Sjuncheon, etc. Other features which make the map valuable are the thoroughness with which it treats Mongolia and the Kokonor country north of Szechuan, regions which in most maps are left more or less blank spaces.

Anta Plague English District.

An extraordinary plague of ants is causing alarm in the Durham, England, colliery villages of Ryhope. One hundred and twenty miners' houses are infested with myriads of the pests, which swarm in the living rooms, causing serious discomfort and damage. The ants spread rapidly, and swarm about the cupboards and on the food in the houses. They are of a foreign species, and were brought to the village in consignments of Egyptian hay. The colliery owners have engaged experts to exterminate the pests. The infested houses are dealt with in turn, the ants being dug out in colonies and their nests destroyed.

Comparisons in Affliction.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson, to see this splendid field of potatoes so seriously diseased," said a sympathizing inspector. "Ah! well, it's a great pity," replied the farmer, "but there's a great comfort—Jack Tomson's is not a bit better!"

GENERAL AND COUNTY SURVEYS OF THE SOILS OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS



Map of Illinois.
The thirty-five shaded counties have been surveyed. The stars show location of experiment fields.

By C. G. HOPKINS,
University of Illinois.

The soil surveys were designed, first, to ascertain what extensive soil types exist in the great soil areas of different ages or formations into which the state as a whole is naturally divided; and, second, to locate and map in detail all of the soil types on every farm in every county. The first is known as the general or state soil survey, and the other as the detail or county soil survey.

The general survey of the state was completed in 1907 and the report published in February, 1908, as Bulletin 123, "The Fertility in Illinois Soils." This bulletin contains a colored soil map of Illinois, showing the fourteen great soil areas of the state, and gives an invoice of the stock of fertility contained in twenty-five of the most important and most extensive types of soil in these great areas; also the results of field experiments conducted on the more extensive soil types to ascertain and demonstrate the possibilities and practicality of different methods of soil improvement.

The accompanying map of the state shows that the detail soil survey has already been made in thirty-five counties; every remaining county in the state joins at least one surveyed county; and the completion of twelve other counties now agreed upon will leave every unsurveyed county joining two surveyed counties.

When the detail soil survey of a county is completed, then trustworthy soil samples are collected to fairly represent every different kind of soil in the county, several samples being taken of the more extensive soil types and fewer samples of those types of small area. The analyses are now nearly completed of all the samples from ten counties, thus furnishing an accurate invoice of the stock of fertility contained in every different kind of soil in those counties. Samples from other surveyed counties are now being analyzed as rapidly as possible with the force and facilities afforded.

FRUITS FOR THE FARMER'S TABLE

By PROFESSOR J. C. BLAIR,
University of Illinois.

Having selected the fruit garden's location and the varieties to be planted, the next step is to prepare the soil for the trees, and these will respond in like manner to the reception made for them. Lack of proper preparation of the soil and its after cultivation has been responsible for many failures in orchard crops. If the land is subsoiled, the roots will be able to go deeper and suffer less when a particularly dry season comes. The drainage cannot be neglected if the land has a stiff subsoil. Deep plowing and thorough pulverizing of the soil with disk and smoothing harrows should follow. In planting apple trees, set them at least 25 feet apart each way and as deep as or deeper than they stood in the nursery rows. Between the smaller growing fruit trees the distances need be only one-half as great as for the apple. Every season the entire orchard should be cultivated during the growing period. Weeds and sod are enemies to the fruit tree as much as to the vegetable garden. Do not starve your young trees after setting them out. They will want some nitrogen, and when in bearing, potash and phosphoric acid, and always an abundance of water, this latter to be provided by irrigation.

Instead of waiting until the trees have reached a ripe age, do a little pruning every year, taking out a small branch here and there in the head of the tree, keeping it airy and giving the sun and the spray nozzle a chance at every portion of the tree, for the farmer, as well as the specialist in fruit growing must expect to do some spraying. No matter how few his fruit trees, the insects and the fungi will find them. In order to fight a winning battle with these, he must have a barrel spray pump mounted on a wagon, and provided with hose and nozzle. For sucking or scale insects, whale oil soap

Grape vines, like fruit trees, must have careful attention in the matter of fertility, cultivation, spraying and pruning. This pruning must without fail be attended to each early spring. The reason for this is that the fruit is borne in clusters near the base of the growing shoots which come from wood of the previous year's growth. Each bud of the old cane produces a new cane which may bear fruit as well as leaves. If all these were allowed to grow and produce fruit, an overabundance and a poor quality of fruit would result. It is best to cut off each cane until about two or four buds are left.

Bush fruits are usually absent from the farmer's garden, or at best give but a crop of fresh meat for the bees. This is unnecessary and a net to be regretted, for raspberries, blackberries, currants and gooseberries have qualities too desirable to be omitted from the table. Give them a place at one side of the orchard, plant them in rows easy of cultivation with horse implements, spray them when they need it, and the harvest will repay you for the labor expended on them.

The soil should be most thoroughly prepared before the planting is done, and the best method of planting is in rows probably eight rods long. If this much space is to be given over to the small fruits, four rows might be of strawberries, one of currants and gooseberries, two of blackberries and three of raspberries. The strawberries should be 4 feet apart and the plants a foot to 18 inches apart in the row. Set the plants deep, but not to cover the crown. Cultivate often but not more than 2 inches deep. Cut off runners to keep the rows not more than 18 inches wide. After two years shift to another part of the fruit garden. Straw mulching is to be put on as soon as the ground freezes, and must be left there until warm weather comes again. Raspberry rows must be six feet apart with the plants four feet apart in the row, while eight feet apart is none too much for the blackberry rows. About four feet each way will do for the currants and gooseberries. Keep all weeds down, cultivating deep once in the early spring and thereafter giving shallow cultivation.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1911

Republicans of Chicago and Cook county are more aroused today because of the progress made by the Lincoln Protective League of Illinois than they have been during many heated election campaigns. Never in the history of politics in the city and county has a political organization grown as has the Lincoln league during the last two months.

Los Angeles has a course in matrimony or, if you will, in household management, in the curriculum of the Gardena high school. Five classes of girls daily take advantage of the educational opportunity. The pupils, the dispatch goes on to say, are taught how everything should be done about the house—how for instance, the cook should cook, how the plumber should plumb, how the gardener should garden and so on. Now nothing could be theoretically more valuable than this knowledge. To know exactly how people should do things, about what would be a fair compensation for their services and to have the authoritative texts to refer to in case of any question—at first blush this certainly looks like a fine preparation for the household struggle. But we greatly fear that there is reason to believe that this exact and expert knowledge of all these matters will be more likely to prove a source of sorrow and disappointment to the housekeeper than a comfort and her staff. And this for the reason that she will be called on to deal with people who have expert ideas of their own.

The notorious trial at Lincoln Center, Kan., of prominent citizens charged with tarring Miss Mary Chamberlain, a young school teacher, is finished with these results: Two of the defendants, John Schmidt and Sherrill Clark, were found guilty by the jury in Judge Grover's court. A. N. Simms, the third defendant, was acquitted. Sentence on the two men was deferred to permit a motion for a new trial. In the same court sentence was passed upon four confessed assailants, Everett G. Clark, Jay Fitzwater, Watson Scranton and Edward Ricord. The charge in all cases was assault and battery. The sentence was one year in the county jail, the extreme penalty in Kansas for the offense charged. Also the men must pay the cost of prosecution. The punishment of these miscreants was that the case demanded and what the public had a right to expect. The only trouble is that the law of Kansas does not inflict a heavier punishment for the offense. However, neither the lawmakers nor the laws are to blame for the fact that there exists no special statute with a more appropriate penalty for such a crime. No legislator could ever have imagined that in this the twentieth century, in a civilized country, and in a decent commonwealth like Kansas, a body of leading citizens would band together to commit such an incredible act.

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Hook lot 6, blk 2, Proctors
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Estate of Celia M Devlin to
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ball undivided 1/2 lot 4, blk 2,
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to Elsie Hucker lot 2 w 6 ft
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Mary Garfield to A T Olsen
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Whitewood sub in sec 18,
Avon Twp w d 250 00

Striving Must Prevail.
Did you ever hear of a man who
had striven all his life faithfully and
loyally toward an object and in no
measure obtained it? If a man con-
stantly aspires, is he not elevated?
Did ever a man try heroism, magani-
fimity, truth, sincerity, and find that
there was no advantage in them—
that it was a vain endeavor?—H. D.
Thoreau.

SURE TO BREAK THIRD TIME

Man Knew What His Spectacles
Would Do, So He Got Ahead
of Fate.

A jeweler in Brooklyn recently showed the humorous phase of superstition as it troubles some people. "A man came into my store with a pair of spectacles he had dropped on the floor and broken," he said. "I have an optician with me. A price was given for the repairs and the work was done. When the glasses were delivered the customer said he'd been pretty lucky with them; this was the first time in three years they had been broken. But the next day he came around again. He had dropped them and they had broken within ten hours after they had been fixed.

"I want you to make a good job of it," he told me, "so they won't break again."

"He said he would call for them. When he did and when they were given to him he asked if I had a glass paperweight or something the least bit heavy. My medium-sized hammer was handy and I asked him if that would do, wondering what he wanted them for. He took the hammer from me and laid the spectacles on the floor. Then he took the hammer and hit the offending lens a hard blow. There, he said, as he straightened up, with the pieces in his hand. 'I've fixed that. Now will you kindly repair them again?'"

"Naturally, I wanted to know why he had done this.

"Superstition," he replied. 'I've already broken them twice and there was sure to be a third time. I've brought that third time about so I wouldn't have to lose more time than necessary. Now, if you will have them fixed I guess they'll never break again!'"

HOW HE EVOKED THE WINDS

Captain of Becalmed Vessel Was
Driven to Desperate Sacrifice,
But It Succeeded.

The ship had lain becalmed in a tropical sea for three days. Not a breath of air stirred the mirror-like surface of the sea and the sails hung limp from the yards, like drapery carved from marble.

The captain resolved to wait no longer for wind. He piped all hands on deck and requested all passengers to come forward.

"I must ask all of you," he said, "to give me every mitch you have."

Wonderingly, all obeyed. The captain collected every match on the ship in this manner. Then he threw them all overboard—all but one.

"Then he took his pipe from his pocket and filled it with tobacco. As crew and passengers looked breathlessly on, he struck that one match—the only one aboard—and attempted to light his pipe with it.

Instantly a furious gale swept over the deck. It extinguished the match, but filled the sails and the good ship plunged merrily forward on her course again. The sacrifice had been awful, but successful.

Wanted a Chance.

One of the performers at Proctor's this week relates an incident that occurred in a western town where he was playing an engagement. There was an act on the bill in which a policeman had to chase a thief across the stage without catching him. The cop's part was so simple that it was always given to some employe of the house. There was a "prop" man in that town to whom this little task was assigned and he felt like a real actor. In the middle of the week's stand, just before the act was to go on, the "prop" man said to the player who had the fugitive business:

"Say, mister, let me catch you tonight, will you?"

"Why so?"

"Well, my girl is in the audience tonight."—Newark (N. J.) Star.

Inventor of Ice Cream.

"I am looking for some means of verifying a statement that is printed at the bottom of the bill of fare in a colored people's restaurant that I visit once a month," a gas collector said. "In a red-letter footnote the proprietor calls attention to the excellence of his own home-made ice cream; then he adds that all members of the race ought to eat ice cream because it was invented by a colored man named Jackson. So sure does he seem of his facts that he relates circumstances attending the evolution of ice cream from plain custard. The narrative sounds convincing, but colored people are so ready to vaunt the real and reputed achievements of the race that the ice cream legend may require verification."

As to Giving the Bride Away.
One pastor objects to the bride's father giving her away; she should be perfectly free, he argues, like the groom who gives himself away.

"Is the bride," he continues, "a bag of potatoes, that she should be given away?" No, sir, she is not; nobody's giving bags of potatoes away these days. As between potatoes and daughters a father would hesitate but little before deciding to give away the daughter.—Detroit News.

Indication of Interest.

"The school mistress is interested in you, dad."

"How's that?"

"Why, today, after she'd told me six times to sit down and behave myself, she said she wondered what kind of a father I had."—Judge.

LOUISA ALCOTT RAN AWAY

Characteristic Incident of the Early
Childhood of That Popular
Story Writer.

Louisa May Alcott, who was probably the most popular writer of young people's stories of the last generation, left in a diary the following characteristic story of her own early childhood.

"Running away was one of the delights of my early days," she wrote. "On one of these occasions I passed a varied day with some Irish children, who hospitably shared their cold potatoes, salt fish and crusts with me as we revelled in the ash-heaps which then adorned the waste lands where the Albany depot now stands. A trip to the Common cheered the afternoon, but as dusk set in and my friends deserted me I felt that home was a nice place after all, and tried to find it. I dimly remember watching a lamp lighter as I sat to rest on some doorstep in Bedford street, where a big dog welcomed me so kindly that I fell asleep with my head pillowed on his curly back, and was found there by the town crier, whom my distracted parents had sent in search of me. His ball and proclamation of the loss of a 'little girl, 6 years old, in a pink frock, white hat, and new green shoes,' woke me up, and a small voice answered out of the darkness: 'Why, dat's me!'"

The story adds that the fun ended next day when the little runaway was tied to the arm of the sofa to repent at leisure.

HARMONY NEEDED IN HOME

Illness and Disturbed Nerves Are the
Sure Result if It Is Lacking
There.

The imperative need of harmony in home surroundings as well as in business life is being felt by thinking more every day. It is impossible to do our best work in any atmosphere of confusion, and it is an almost invariable rule that illness and disturbed nerves are the penalty exacted if we allow ourselves to be drawn into conditions that do not spell harmony. Our home is our castle, and nothing should be allowed to enter therein that makes us unhappy.

If one is obliged to take strangers into the home on account of financial consideration it is wise to make sure that they are not antagonistic in any way that will affect the family relations, otherwise it is better to give up the extra profit and do with less if it means peace of mind. There is no price too great to pay for harmony, for it means health, happiness, financial success to you and yours, the ability to help others, and all through the gaining and holding the mental peace which is the peace of understanding. Some of us have to be beaten with many stripes before we realize the need of and grasp the knowledge of harmony, but those who have already felt a longing for it and pause to listen will get the revelation and receive its gospel like benediction.

What is a Mule?

A queer customs ruling relates to that noble animal, the mule. An American contractor took some mules into Mexico for use upon some construction work there, and upon the completion of the contract brought the mules back to Texas. The customs officials insisted upon his paying duty, but the contractor claimed free entry for the mules as "articles of American growth returned without being advanced in value." The officials declared, however, that the hoard of nippers has sustained them, that mules are not "articles." What, then, are they? If they are persons, they are certainly entitled to come back home. Since the decision that a mule is not a bird, the customs service has got its natural history fearfully and wonderfully mixed.

To Prevent Draughts.

A simple and practical way to prevent draughts entering under a door that has, through shrinkage, a wide crack under it is to fold three thicknesses of paper together just the width of the door and two inches deep and cover it with serge or cloth as near the color of the door as possible.

Sew to this three small brass rings, one a quarter of an inch from each end and one in the middle. Fasten into the bottom of the door three small screw-hooks and hang the rings to them. You will have a perfect protection from cold air coming under the door and one that is easily removed and kept dusted.

Irish Peers.

The number of peers who enjoy any popularity in Ireland is very small, although personally many are qualified to attract it. But the Irish masses know the history of their own country better than the classes know it. They have long memories and know by tradition what Lecky states with authority, that "the majority of Irish titles are historically connected with memories not of honor, but of shame."

"A Union" peer stands very much in the same category as a "Cromwellian" landholder in the eyes of those who hold so tenaciously to the "old stock."—London Truth.

Cornered.

"That chauffeur was a great disappointment."

"I thought he would be."

"But you gave him a letter of recommendation."

"Of course. And I advise you to do the same. It's the only way to get him to go peacefully."

SCHOOL NOTES

Following is the list of those neither tardy or absent from school during the past month. The primary room having an attendance of 98 per cent gets the half holiday.

High School Room—Laurel Powels, Donald Smart, Lester Osmond, George Lewis, Fred Sheehan, Vera Tiffany, Mahelle Richards, Olive Young, Effie Kelly, Bertha LaPlant, Pearl Trieger, Carolyn Osmond, Pauline Scherf.

Grammar Room—Daniel Lewis, Viola Kuhaupt, Jannette Wallace, Ralph and Ruth Kinrade, Ethel Barthel, Jennie Willett, Elizabeth Pearl and Elmer Harrower, Vincent and Louise Dupre, James and Charles Horan, Raymond Bartlett, Leland Watson, Charles Tiffany, Harold Hughes, Anna and Margaret Droni, Russell Smith, Leland Girard, Louis and Seward Shultis, Florence Stiekles, Gladys Panowski, Ethel Runyard, Wm. Morley, Frank Powles, Raymond Taylor, Edna Richards and Merrill Salvin.

Emogene Chinn, Grace Drem, Virgil Felter, Vivian Holdorf, Walter Harrower, Ralph James, Irene Keulman, Carl Naber, Elsie Panowski, Gerald and Genevieve Pierce, Maurice and Virgie Radtke, Alonzo, Jessie and Lucille Runyard, Marguerite Savage, Gordon Smoak, Helen Sorenson, Arlene and Leonard Stiekles, Mona Taylor, Elizabeth Tenbroggan, Gordon Wells, Marguerite Waters.

Primary Room—Beulah Harrison, Harry Willett, Artie Larson, Elma Volkman, Letha LaPlant, Daisy Richards, Vernon Girard, Antoinette Smart, George Veltham, Russell Keulman, Gordon Ames, Enor Peterson, Leota Savage, Genevieve Willie, Ronald Yopp, Edward Girard, Wesley Weritz, Valleta Hanneman, Raymond Dupre, Priscilla Conrad.



THE WILBUR STARR CO.
Great Male Quartet and Entertainment
Company to Appear.

No attraction on a Lyceum course is ever more popular than a male quartet. Here we have a fine male quartet and in addition an entertaining company that cannot be surpassed. Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Starr give entire programs themselves, full of variety and of great merit.

Wilbur Starr gave up a large salary when he resigned six years ago as director of the Music Department, University of Missouri, to enter Lyceum work. Before teaching he had spent three seasons as leading baritone with the Castle Square Opera Co. His success in the Lyceum was instantaneous. Mrs. Starr is a brilliant pianist and a charming personality. The trio of singers to complete the male quartet are artists of experience in the Lyceum. A program pleasing to all is expected when they appear here.

LETTUCE WHILE YOU WAIT

Dinner Guests May See It Grow on
the Table for Their
Salad.

When at a dinner in Rome a tourist was served with strawberries, still growing on the parent vine, in a common earthen pot which was concealed by a sash of wide ribbon, she thought this was the last word with regard to serving food at the dinner table. It remains, however, for a New York florist to work what seems like a miracle. He claims to be able to grow lettuce while you wait—crisp lettuce for dinner to eat with your broiled spring chicken.

When asked to reveal his secret he said: "I take a handful of lettuce seeds that have been soaked over night in alcohol and I plant them in a box containing three inches of loam and qulekline. I water this well, and in ten minutes the seeds burst. In twenty minutes two tiny leaves push through the earth. The leaves grow and multiply. In an hour they are as big as dollars. Then you may pluck and eat them. They are delicious—a fairy salad. Sometimes when I give a dinner party I have one of these little prepared lettuce beds in the center of the table. The guests see the lettuce grow, and when the time comes for the salad course there is their salad blooming before them all ready for them to pluck."

Considering what marvels in the way of cooking are accomplished with the chafing dish and denatured alcohol stoves, and scientific marvels like this, we may reasonably expect to see the lamb driven in alive, slaughtered, and cooked before our very eyes.

Gain the Jester.

Cain had returned from the fields alone. "Where is your brother Abel?" asked Adam. "Oh," replied Cain, carelessly, "Abel has become a charter member of the Can't Come Back club." Whereupon he established a reputation as the village jester.

The Fan's Idea.

A baseball fan thinks one is an optimist if one can cheerfully remember when one goes to work that the world is another day nearer the beginning of the new race for the pennant.

STREET CLEANING LONG AGO

Franklin's Autobiography Tells How
He Promoted the First Contract
Job in Philadelphia.

Recently at one of the luncheons of the City Club of Philadelphia there was read an extract from the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin which was said to describe the first instance of street cleaning by contract in Philadelphia. The incident is interesting also, however, as illustrating citizen co-operation in its original simplicity.

"One day," Franklin wrote, "I found a poor industrious man, who was willing to undertake keeping the pavement clean by sweeping it twice a week, carrying off the dirt from before all the neighbors' doors, for the sum of six-pence per month, to be paid by each house. I then wrote and printed a paper setting forth the advantages to the neighborhood that might be obtained by this small expense. . . . I sent one of these papers to each house, and in a day or two went around to see who would subscribe an agreement to pay these six-pence; it was unanimously agreed, and for a time well executed. This raised a general desire to have all the streets paved, and made the people more willing to subscribe to a tax for that purpose."—The Survey.

Moles as Things of Beauty.

With Turkish ladies moles on the face are considered a great beauty, the pretty theory being that love has kissed and left a spot, or that aphids whispering in the ear have left their light touch on the cheek. No Turkish woman is considered perfectly beautiful, in fact, without a mole or two.

Paving the Way.

At a political meeting a very enthusiastic German made a speech beginning like this: "My dear fellow citizens and fellow Germans. I don't want to say nothing about nobody, but look at dem Irish in de Tenth yard; vot have dey got? Paved streets! Und vot have vo got? Mutt! Mutt! Now, my fellow citizens and fellow Germans, vot I vish to say is dis: Coom, let us put our heads together and make a block pavement."—The Housekeeper.

Sixth Annual Exhibition
Waukegan and Lake County
Poultry Show

Under the auspices of the
Illinois Poultry Fancier's Association, will be held at
Battery C Armory, Waukegan, Ill.,
January 8 to 14, 1912

Bigger and better than ever this year. The Association owns
Empire Cooping

\$1,000 in Premiums
Fifteen Silver Cups
5 Competent Judges

Send for Premium List. Send your birds and
bring your friends
ROBERT CONNOLLY, JR., Sec'y.

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LAKE VILLA, ILLINOIS

Fancy Groceries

Kellogg's corn flakes 8c
Uncle Sam's breakfast food 20c
Pettit John's breakfast food 12c
Shredded wheat 12c
Lima beans per can 8c
Baked " " " 8c
Pumpkins " " 8c
Dates " lb. 8c
Prunes " can 14c
Figs " " 15c
Dried Peaches per can 14c
Boneless codfish per pkg 14c
Continental oil sardines per can 4c
None such mince meat 8c
Calumet baking powder 10 and 20c

Fancy Meats

Fancy rib roast 14c
" pot " 10 to 11c
" round steak 15c
" sirloin steak 17c
" porter house steak 18c
" pork chops 15c
" " roast 14c
" " shoulder 12c
" smoked hams 15c
" smoked bacon 17c
Puro leaf lard 5-lb. pails 60c
Puro leaf lard 3-lb. pails 35c
All other Groceries and Meats at Lowest Possible
Prices



HAVE just quit forty of the most magnificent dogs in the world—as big as calves, as husky as bears, as intelligent as folks, as pedigreed as princes, as meritorious as saints, and as pure and plain-living as their masters, the Augustine canons, who, after fifteen years of a climate that is nine months ice and snow, break down completely, with swelled joints, impoverished blood and chronic rheumatism.

The dogs are as aristocratic as the kings who in the middle ages sent them collars of gold; because the first Bernards, their ancestors, were already on the spot, aiding travelers in an amateurish way, when St. Bernard de Mentho went up from Aosta and founded the Hospice, A. D. 962. Their ancestors, bear-fighting dogs of old Charlemagne's court, had been left with certain mountain chief, among other payment for aid and neutrality, by an earlier Bernard, uncle of Charlemagne, when he marched an army by this route A. D. 773.

Thus the great dogs of Imperial court race were near the spot when St. Bernard and his companions built their famous refuge at the apex of the pass; and to understand their evolution—why the good monks began training them not to be like other dogs—they must have an idea of this majestic short-cut of nativity from north Europe into Italy.

Nowadays the tunnels take you through by rail, in three-quarters of an hour, but before such modern engineering wonders it was different. Why has Napoleon's—or Hannibal's—passage of the Alps remained so striking? Because a great army, with its baggage, camp material, supplies, cannons and ammunition carts or yet more ponderous elephants, tramped unexpectedly on the fertile plains of the south. They fell, really, from the clouds—the clouds hanging round the snow-capped wall of mountains! Otherwise, Napoleon must have led his army round by the Mediterranean, interminable journey that would have surprised nobody.

Otherwise, Hannibal, wandering with his hundreds of war elephants from Spain up into France would have been obliged to wander back or stay there. Instead, he followed the Rhine valley to the entrance of the Great St. Bernard, climbed the grand old road, up, up to its snow and ice, elephants and all, and descended on the vines and fig trees of Capua, to the immense surprise of the Romans.

The first army to risk it was a Gaulish one, 150 years before Hannibal. The Romans used it as early as B. C. 105; and the monks preserve tablets that record the passage of various legions. After the foundation of Aosta, B. C. 23, it became frequented by travelers and traders—Temple of Jupiter actually stood at the top, where now rises the granite statue of St. Bernard. Roman emperors improved the road, notably Constantine, A. D. 339. Later, barbarian hordes fell on the empire from its heights; but in the anarchy of the early dark ages it became one of the most traveled and securest routes of Europe, policed by mountain chiefs taking moderate toll—whence the big dogs of Charlemagne's uncle.

So, when St. Bernard founded his Hospice at the top, and collected a pack of the dogs' descendants—already evolved to precious mountain friends of man—it was to succor travelers at the critical point of a unique highway in the clouds. There were other short-cut passes, but none so improved by art and continual traffic. Even today, in spite of the railway tunnels, the Great St. Bernard is annually crossed by 17,000 poor pedestrians.

In the early days, the richer the travelers, the more substantially they showed their gratitude. During the middle ages the monastery became very wealthy. Kings and emperors made it grants. Passing nobles and rich merchants settled annuities on it. And princesses embroidered collars in cloth-of-gold for the big dogs—already of ancient descent from Charlemagne's court—concerning whose unearthly intelligence and goodness all kinds of stories were rife.

Personal friends of mine had an adventure with the dogs last May. Hearing it to be a sporting "English" trip to go sleighing over the Great St. Bernard after a considerable melting of the snows makes the thing possible, they started off, very Parisian trio—retired fashion-able ladies, tall of the rue Royale, Paris, his wife, and his mother-in-law, weight and girth increasing in the order mentioned.

At Martigny, in full bloom of peach and cherry blossoms, they took a four-horse carriage up the already dusty road, through the ravine of the Drance, the rocky gorge, the tender spring buds and the woods, the tunnel, and on up through Senbrancher—where the stopped to cool with beer—past ruined chateaux and over old stone bridges, the Drance away down below, often in sight, and all delightful, springlike, and their hearts sang as they went up, like the skylark.

"They exclaimed in wonder as they began to get views of Mt. Volan with its glaciers and snowfields, merging into an all-snow world beginning up there, just above them—so different from the scene in August. On the great curve beyond Liddes village, they felt chilly. Beyond the Torrent de la Croix they struck snow, and at Bourg St. Pierre—the sleigh was waiting for them.

The sleigh had been engaged by telephone, and by the same means the good monks would have a hot dinner and fires all ready in their bedrooms. Jingling gaily across the Gorge of the Valsorey with its deep snowbanks un-

ed, they chatted of Napoleon's superhuman difficulties in getting 30,000 men, cannon and camp baggage over that historic sticking spot in the same month of May, the year 1800. They were doing it beautifully in a light three-horse sleigh without baggage; but the modern road, hewn in the rock, avoids the old steep, slippery route, scarcely marked by jagged stones sticking out of the ice. It must have been a 25 per cent. incline.

They had struck nothing worse than 7 per cent., and through the forest beyond it was often almost level, the snow well packed. A favorable moment! Beautiful sleighing! Exhilarating adventure! Up! up! Five per cent., sir. They jingled through a long defile and up into vast boulder-strewn pastures shrouded in white, like great ghosts. Low different from a common diligence trip in August, with hurrying tourists! They still affirm that a three-horse sleigh can take three restaurant-fattened Parisians and a beer-swollen driver up inclines of 7 and 8 per cent. with strength and beauty, had not a blizzard struck them just before the Cantine de-Proz.

"Five more miles to climb," they said there, "better hurry! We shall telephone the canons." This is where they always telephone for help to come down from the Hospice, in bad weather; but their fat sleigh man had swigged his birch-and-hot-water placidly, refused an extra horse and man, and started them off with confidence. This is why they were soon floundering in a blizzard that darkened the sun like night, at the entrance to a black defile, past "precipices" that "turned their stomachs." With a jolt, the sleigh stopped.

"Must wait," said the fat sleigh man, blanketing his horses. "Where are we?" "At the Pas de Marengo, three miles below the Hospice." "Drive on!" "Go back!" "Armand, he'll take us over a precipice. I can't see two yards ahead!"

To all of which the driver, lifting the falling-top, covered them with rugs, and lighting his pipe, answered briefly: "They'll come." "Never will I forget that half-hour while the sleigh was being snowed under in the black twilight of that blizzard," says the mother-in-law of the world-famed rue Royale concern. "And never was I so glad to see human beings as those three splendid big dogs that advanced to us formally, gravely out of the twilight. I cannot think of them as dogs. They were more than persons. They seemed supernatural creatures come to save us perfectly safely, perfectly easy! Our confidence was complete. We understood their meaning, when they raised themselves three abreast, just far enough apart for us two women to walk between, leaning on their backs! Armand took an outer edge. The driver showed him."

Up they advanced, dragged, sustained and cheerfully encouraged by the dogs alone, as

they affirm, for a mile and a half, the driver leading his horses behind, and keeping mighty close. He left the sleigh and valleys—it was no moment for fancy work. When the good canon and his two brown brothers, with reinforcements of four more dogs, came hurrying after the canine first aid, it was possibly a little earlier than they remember. The two miles or more of 10 per cent. climb up the long windings, over the dreary Comb of the Dead and through the avalanche gallery, seems to them a fantastic dream of blizzard and darkness. The two men held the mother-

in-law straddled on one of the horses, with the greatest difficulty. Armand and Madame, dragged along by a big dog under each armpit, "just loved the noble creatures." Only when they arrived at the Hospice did they realize that they had no pajamas. Their clothes were soaked and frozen. In a dream they were led to two big bedrooms with two big wood fires blazing. . . . and a big brown brother calling through the keyhole that they would "find a change of gowns on the chair-backs." They were monks' gowns, of scratchy, thick brown woollen stuff that "tickled" the two ladies so that they "into their soup and went to sleep laughing." . . .

The next afternoon—the driver having rescued his sleigh, sent up their valises by porter, and himself returned to Bourg St. Pierre long before—they went down the 2, 0, 8 and 10 per cent. slopes of the Italian side in a regular service sleigh and dashing style and taking the terrible descents of 18 to 25 per cent. with "steep brakes" that hold safer than an automobile. Although they found the Pass alive with service movement, mostly local, they consider themselves great sports and "advise no one to repeat the exploit." As to the dogs, they will "send them a present of 500 francs every year." As the first year has not yet elapsed, it remains to be seen if they turn out more grateful than the average tourist; but I believe they did leave \$10 in the alms box.

It is a painful subject. To merely see the dogs on the spot and learn of their deeds is worth any man's \$10, even in August. And, quite apart, is the question of board and lodging.

The Hospice consists of two vast agglomerations of buildings in the bottom of a cup-like space surrounded by the terrible snow-covered peaks. Yet it is the top of the pass, so high that everyone is accommodated in breathing after a little exertion—no one knows why; but the atmosphere is so more rarefied and colder than that of any other pass, altitude for altitude; by a thousand 500 meters. True, it is higher than the Simpson or Mt. Conia; but it is lower than the St. Gotthard or Great Glibler—all of which I have done, in auto, with none of the inconvenience in breathing experienced around the Great St. Bernard Hospice.

Without the Hospice, the 17,000 poor pedestrians would be in a wretched, even dangerous plight. They regularly sleep at night and eat two meals gratis. Without the Hospice, 6,000 well-to-do pleasure tourists, who annually "do" the Great St. Bernard in July, August and September by way of diligence, service-brunks and private carriages would find it a much less romantic and delightful adventure, with perhaps some painful inconveniences.

For one thing, they would have to pay. When a break-load arrives, they ring the bell in the ancient porch and are welcomed by one of the abbots or canons as guests of a chateau. Automobiles not being permitted on the Swiss side, the all-horse locomotion of this pass

makes a stay over night at the top practically necessary. With old-fashioned courtesy the tourists are conducted to their rooms by an abbe, and after meals are shown round the church, the kennels and museum, quite as guests in a country house. Never a hint of pay. Every tourist knows—it is universal conversation and all guide books tell it—that each tourist ought to put into the alms box at least what he (or she) would have to pay at a hotel.

All tourists similarly know in advance that the Hospice has grown poor in modern times by continuing to feed, warm and lodge 23,000 mingled rich and poor annually—the grants, rents and annuities that once made it rich having shrunk and dwindled. This being so, what do you imagine the 6,000 gay and arrogant tourists last summer put into the alms box? Less than 1,000 would have paid at a hotel! That is to say, an average of one tourist in six paid up honestly. The rest sneaked it.

This is not why the dogs have a far-away, almost disdainful look. They do not know why they are almost hard up for their soup and biscuits. Once they were gold collars; now they go about contentedly in leather dotted with brass nail-heads. They do not even know that rich tourists have tried to buy them for large sums—which the good canons gently refused; they would never send their dog friends down to pant and pino in the thick, hot air of the plain. They disdain nobody. They simply do not like our smell—the smell of overheated, overfed, gross tourist bodies, burning oxygen and letting off poisonous gases like a furnace.

Their friends, the abbots, brothers and clean-smelling wood choppers of the heights are plain livers, trained down, all muscle, their very clothes free from the grease and microbes of the festering plain. How, then, if they avoid us, are they willing to bound off through snow and night and hunt out—what they smell so easily, so far away—the strong-scented deities of low altitudes in distress? In men it would be called professional ardor. In these dogs we call it atavism. Since St. Bernard de Mentho collected the pack in the year A. D. 962, almost a thousand years have elapsed. Generation after generation, back through the centuries, the same patient training, exclusive companionship of woe men, absence of outside foolishness and distractions, have made it a race of dogs apart. There are plenty of St. Bernards up and down the valley; but they are degenerates from the overflow.

The dogs of the Hospice, for example, take their orders only from the abbots, or canons not the brown brothers ("marionettes") who live with them, feed them, and for whom they have the greatest affection. Yet before starting on an expedition, an abbe has the chief dogs up before him, one by one. It passes in absolute silence, very queer. When the pure-minded, strong-souled, trained-down, unworried man looks into his eyes, what passes into the subconscious being of the clean-living, high bred, human-companioned animal of the thin air and lonely heights?

Two Hospice dogs have crouched beside an exhausted wayfarer, snuggling close to him on each side to keep him warm while the third dog ran back, to lead the "carnavan" of rescue to the spot.

Such a trio of scouts have barked continually in the ears of a weakening, stumbling traveler to keep him awake. Two trudged so close to him on each side as to warm and hold him upright—while the third butted him along from behind a good five minutes before dashing back to bring the caravan.

Any visitor in snow time is given the privilege to wander off and hide behind a drift—as far as he pleases, covering his tracks at pleasure. Then an abbe will take a new bunch of six dogs from the kennels, more slowly show them your handkerchief in his uplifted hand—of course they get the scent—and off they go, circling, barking, as at a game. After two circles of the Hospice, at the most, running with their noses in the air like a French deer hound, they have your trail and follow it straight to where you are waiting to be rescued. Then you get your second surprise. Instead of digging you out and offering you a drink of brandy and water from the canteens round their necks, they stand in a circle, laughing at you. You know how a dog laughs?

Technically, the pass is "open to circulation" between the melting and reappearance of the snows in July, August and September. During this period, when the road is alive with traffic over good dry earth, and rock, the rescue work is limited to hunting up adventurous tourists or tipsy "work-seeking" laborers who have strayed or fallen in bad weather, and as soon as there is snow, the telephone makes rescue work a routine. From St. Rhemy, on the Swiss slope, a telephone message invariably notifies the Hospice of the passage up of each vehicle, band of pedestrians or solitary adventurer.

It's Texas this Winter

Come to the summerland where all the pleasures of all other "wintering" places are combined with joys that you didn't find elsewhere. You'll be delighted with the brilliant social life, the luxurious hotels, the unlimited recreations of land and sea; and with the climate that makes your simplest diversion a delight. Your vacation in Texas will be a new treat to you.

The Katy Limited The Katy Flyer

—these are the recognized trains for winter tourist travel to the resorts of Texas, providing fast through daily service from St. Louis and Kansas City, via Katy all the way. The equipment is complete with all the latest luxuries of travel—sleepers with individual berth lights, dental lavatories, bigger toilet rooms—chair cars, extra roomy and cozy; and dining service that doubles the pleasure of the trip.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Splendid Crops

In Saskatchewan (Western Canada) 800 Bushels from 20 acres of wheat was the thrifty return from a 100-acre farm in the season of 1910. Many fields in that as well as other districts yielded from 25 to 35 bushels of wheat to the acre. Other grains in proportion.

LARGE PROFITS are thus derived from a few acres of Western Canada. This country is a cause of growing. Land values are high. The grain growing, wheat, barley, oats, rye, and flax, are all profitable. The grain growing, wheat, barley, oats, rye, and flax, are all profitable. The grain growing, wheat, barley, oats, rye, and flax, are all profitable.

USE ABSORBINE JR. FOR IT! Colic, Swollen Glands, Cystitis, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Sciatica, etc. It is a powerful antiseptic and takes out the poison from the system. It is a powerful antiseptic and takes out the poison from the system. It is a powerful antiseptic and takes out the poison from the system.

FOR ALL EYE DISEASES Penit's Eye Salve. KEYSTONE PAINTS AND CO. CEILING. A beautiful illustrated book of 24 colors and photographs of the most famous buildings in the world. Send for your copy and address to the publisher, KEYSTONE PAINTS AND CO., 100 Broadway, N.Y.

PISO'S Best for COUGHS & COLDS. HAND MADE copied Xmas and New Year Post Cards, 2400 25 cents postage. Silver or gold. A. W. WILKIE, Box 555, LOUISVILLE, KY.

REAL ESTATE WESTERN CANADA FARM LANDS. For \$12-15 the Great West Farming District in Canadian West. The Great West Farming District in Canadian West. The Great West Farming District in Canadian West.

LOOK at the crops this year. Catholic settlement. For bargains write Kathryn Rose, Jersey, Kan.

MULFORD IS KING

WINS VANDERBILT CUP RACE AT SAVANNAH, SMASHING ALL AUTO RECORDS.

SIX OUT OF 14 CARS FINISH

American Driver of Lozier Machine Covers 201 Miles in 236 Minutes—Ralph De Palma Is Second and Spencer Wishart Third.

Savannah, Ga.—Ralph K. Mulford, the American driver, in a Lozier car, won the seventh Vanderbilt Cup race, covering the 201 miles at an average speed of 74.63 miles an hour and lowering all previous records. His time for the race was 236 minutes.

Ralph de Palma, driving a German Mercedes, finished second in America's most noted automobile classic. He crossed the finish line two minutes and 11 seconds behind Mulford. Spencer Wishart, in another Mercedes, finished third, his time being 240:20. Harry Grant, who won the Vanderbilt Cup in 1909 and 1910, finished fourth in a Lozier, his time being 250:23:67. E. H. Parker, in a Fiat, was fifth, his elapsed time being 264:25. After Louis Disbrow, driving a Pope-Hummer, crossed the line in sixth place the remaining drivers were signaled that the end had come.

The contestants still running at the end of the race were Carl Limberg and L. A. Mitchell, both in Abbott-Detroit, and Cyrus Patachka in a Marmon.

The other five starters, Hughie Hughes, driving a Morcer; Dave Bruce Brown, Fiat; Bob Burman, Marmon; Harry Cobe, Jackson, and Joe Watson, Fiat, were forced to quit the race because of damaged machines.

Weather conditions for the race were ideal, the course being almost perfect.

Harry Grant was the first to get away. At 30-second intervals the other cars chugged off. Mulford was the eighth to start but before the fifth lap had been completed he had wrested the lead from De Palma and he held it until the finish. De Palma held on, however, and it was a terrific struggle between the first four cars until the last two laps, when Mulford cut loose on his wild dash and finished with a comfortable lead.

The Savannah challenge cup race was run off just before the start of the Vanderbilt race. It was won by Hughie Hughes in a four cylinder Mercer car, which covered 222.82 miles in 3 hours 15 minutes and 35 seconds.

Frank Witt, driving an E. M. F. 30, won the race for the Tietman trophy, covering 171.40 miles in 3 hours 56 minutes and 19-100 seconds.

AID TO PATTERSON DEFENSE

Witness Tells Denver Jury Husband Knocked Wife Down Before She Shot Him.

Denver, Colo.—The defense in the trial of Mrs. Gertrude Patterson has rested its case.

The most important witness was F. J. Easton of Tacoma, Wash., who swore he saw Patterson knock his wife down and that she was lying on the ground when she shot him. The witness said he then got on a car and came down town, not telling anyone of what he saw, and a day or two later went to Laramie, Wyo., to work.

To substantiate Easton's story the defense called in rebuttal Witness Shugart, the prosecution's eye witness to the tragedy. Shugart admitted he saw Witness Easton in the vicinity about the time of the shooting. Another witness, who was employed to make a map of the scene of the shooting, testified that one bullet had entered the wall surrounding a house on a straight line about eighteen inches from the ground. This, defense contends, shows that Mrs. Patterson was on the ground when she fired it.

JURY HOLDS MRS. VERMILYA

Woman Charged With Poisoning Chicago Policeman Bound Over to Grand Jury Without Bail.

Chicago.—Mrs. Louise Vermilya, known to the police as the "arch poisoner" of the century, was held to the grand jury without bonds by the coroner's jury which investigated the death of Policeman Arthur Blaesette.

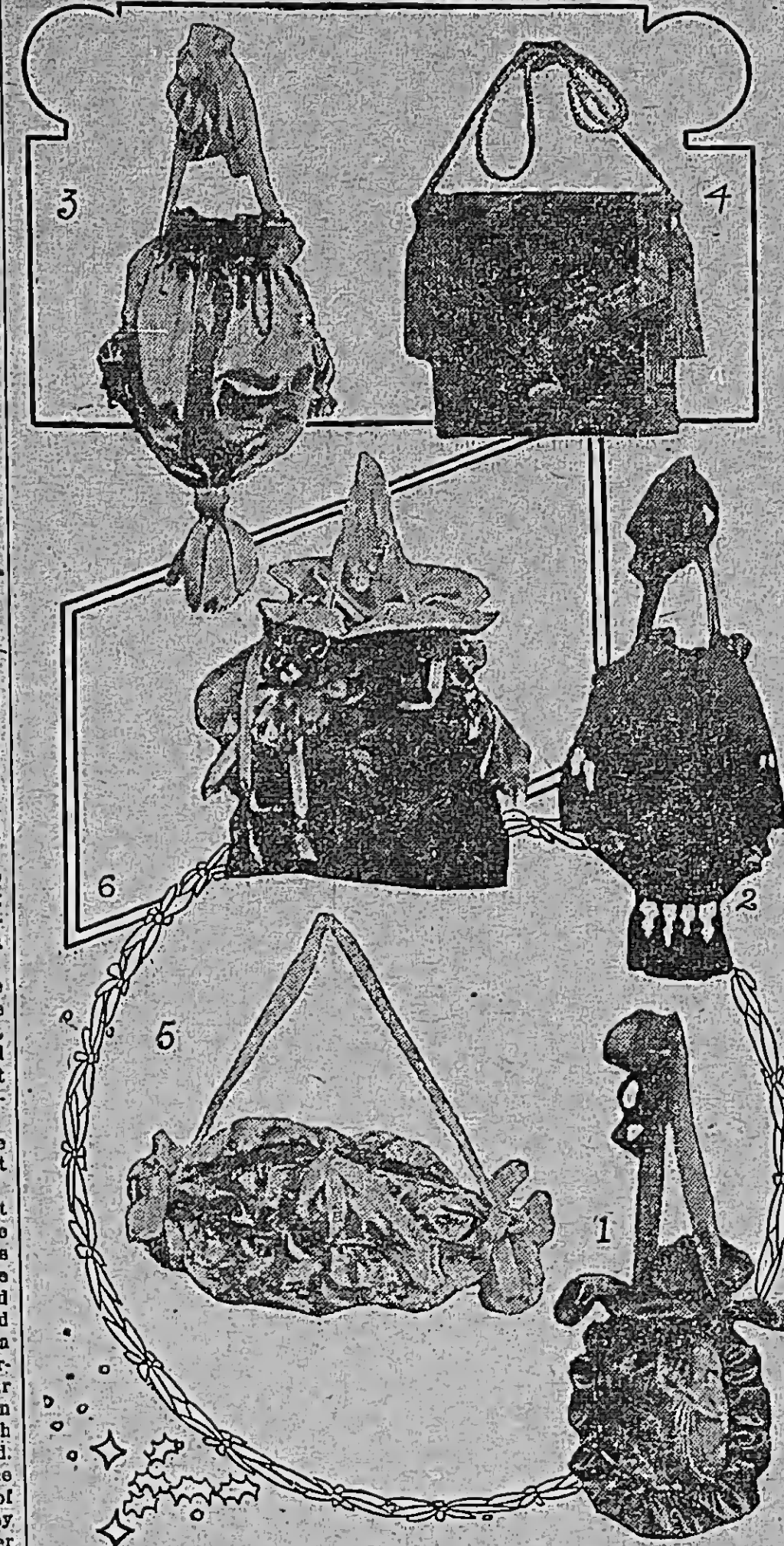
Illness prevented the presence of Mrs. Vermilya at the inquest, but she was represented by her attorney, Joseph R. Burdick. Her physicians at the county jail hospital, who operated on her for an abscess, stated that she would not be able to leave the jail for several weeks.

Witnesses gave evidence to show that the woman's closest friends had been poisoned. Her own attempt to die also was described.

Gay State's Tallest Man Dead. Lynn, Mass.—Benjamin Ames, aged sixty-five, the tallest man in Massachusetts, is dead at the city hospital of heart failure, as the result of a fall from a horse. He was nearly seven feet in height and weighed 360 pounds.

Noted Yacht Designer Ill. Bayonne, N. J.—A. C. Smith, the noted yacht designer, is critically ill of liver trouble at his home here, and it is feared he cannot live more than a few days.

Christmas Bags Made of Ribbons



If Athena revisits her proteges, the spinners and weavers, the divinity must rejoice at the products of their looms. Even a goddess might wonder at the beauty and splendor of ribbons. In them the colorist indulges his daintiest and most gorgeous fancies. This allows their use in dress accessories, giving to the toilette a touch of that "splendor dear to women."

Just now the vogue of the fancy hand bag (nearly all of them made of brilliant ribbons) helps solve the problem of selecting a Christmas gift. Bags are always a good choice, but never so popular as now. Six new ones are shown here, made of various kinds of ribbon. No. 1 is a vivid, rose-colored ribbon. A loop of the ribbon is fastened to the top and the edges and seams, finished with tiny, blue glass beads, strung on a thread wire. A casing is run in about the top and narrow satin ribbons serve to close and suspend the bag. It is finished with two little bead tassels at the sides.

No. 2 is a bag of black moire lined with deep purple faille ribbon. It is decorated with tiny roses, made of ribbon in purple and old gold and foliage in dull green, sewed flat to the bag. Small black silk tassels finish the bag. It is suspended with narrow

purple satin ribbon terminating in little rosettes of loops.

No. 3 pictures a brilliant flame-colored bag made of four strips of satin ribbon and four of gold gauze ribbon. Narrow satin ribbon, suspends the bag terminating in ends finished with a rosette at each side. A tassel made of the narrow ribbon finishes the bottom. The bag is drawn up by an elastic cord run in a casing about the top.

No. 4. This lovely handbag is made of broadened faille ribbon showing dark red and purple, roses and dull green foliage, on a black ground. It is lined with dark red and bound with old gold braid. A loop on the flap fastens over a button covered with the gold braid. Gold thread tassels and a gold cord finish the bag.

No. 5. This new "aeroplane" handkerchief bag is made of pink Dresden ribbon, with printed flowers. It consists of six lengths shirred over supporting wires. It is tied with narrow pink satin ribbon and suspended by this with rosettes of loops finishing the ends.

No. 6. A bag of broadened satin is lined with dark natter blue faille ribbon and finished with many loops and ends at the sides, of narrow, blue satin ribbon. It is drawn up at the top by a casing through which the narrow ribbon is run.

Julia Bottomley.

mother knows what is to become of them.

At close of breakfast the next morning—Christmas—the door bell rings and a maid brings in an immediate delivery letter. This is gaily decorated with the season's stamps and seals.

When opened, it is found to be a letter from Santa Claus, saying his pack was too heavy, so he has forwarded by express all his gifts. In a few minutes a huge box is delivered in the kitchen which when opened is found to contain packages addressed to each one.

Another easier way is to pass a tray covered with a number of small keys with red ribbon and a Christmas tag attached. On the tag is written the child's name and the information that somewhere in the house is concealed a bag the key will open.

Then begins a hunt into all sorts of out-of-the-way places to find great bags of turkey red muslin, draped with greens and fastened at the top with a padlock. Each bag holds the gifts for one member of the family.

Stockings For Christmas Only. The Christmas stocking is generally known as one taken from the bureau supply for daily wear. In certain parts of the country, however, the Christmas stocking is never in use except to be hung from the chimney with care.

The New England stocking of this kind is usually long in the leg and knitted from woolen yarn. There are stockings on Cape Cod which have been used by four generations of children. Once emptied of their treasure on Christmas morning they are rolled up and marked and laid away for the next year's festivities.

Quickly Cures Lame Back, Weak Kidneys

You Can Prove It Without Expense—Get a Free Package Dr. Derby's Guaranteed Kidney Pills—Today

Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills absolutely cure kidney and bladder troubles and rheumatism. Their action is positive, certain—quick. The very first dose takes hold. You can see and feel the difference in a single day. You can find this out without a cent of cost to you.

Just ask your druggist for a free sample package—see pills as directed—and see for yourself.

Got the pills at once if you have diabetes, dropsy, Bright's disease, urinary trouble, or rheumatism in any form. Have you any of these symptoms?

Weak, lame, aching back. Sharp piercing pains in bladder, kidneys, sides or thighs. Stiff, tender, twitching muscles. Bladder or canal inflamed. Inability to hold water. Too frequent urination. Urine cloudy, bloody, too light, too dark, unnatural odor, or sediment in it. Nervous, restless, irritable, despondent. Irregular heart action. Sleeplessness. Bull headaches. Dizzy spells. Puffiness about the eyes. Bleeding extramitally. General weakness, constant tired, worn-out, all-gone feeling.

Then get Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills without a moment's delay. They will surely drive the disease poisons out of you—strengthen, build up the weak, disordered kidneys and bladder as nothing else can. It's the modern, common-sense, rational, scientific kidney and bladder cure.

And the treatment is guaranteed, money back if it doesn't do all claimed for it.

Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills sell for 25c and 50c—the larger package containing more than twice the pills in 25c size. If you want to try them first ask for free sample. Sold by your druggist, or sent prepaid upon receipt of price, by Derby Medicine Co., Eaton Rapids, Mich.

WELL, WELL.



Hook—They say that famous marine artist was once a plain farmer's boy. I wonder where he developed his talent.

Cook—Probably drawing water down on the farm.

BABY'S ECZEMA AND BOILS

"My son was about three weeks old when I noticed a breaking-out on his cheeks, from which a watery substance oozed. A short time after, his arms, shoulders and breast broke out also, and in a few days became a solid sear. I became alarmed, and called our family physician who at once pronounced the disease eczema. The little fellow was under treatment for about three months. By the end of that time, he seemed no better. I became discouraged, I dropped the doctor's treatment, and commenced the use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and in a few days noticed a marked change. The eruption on his cheeks was almost healed, and also his shoulders, arms and breast were decidedly better. When he was about seven months old, all trace of the eczema was gone."

"During his teething period, his head and face were broken out in boils which I cured with Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Surely he must have been a great sufferer. During the time of teething and from the time I dropped the doctor's treatment, I used the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, nothing else, and when two years old he was the picture of health. His complexion was soft and beautiful, and his head a mass of silky curls. I had been afraid that he would never be well, and I feel that I owe a great deal to the Cuticura Remedies."

(Signed) Mrs. Mary W. Ramsey, 224 E. Jackson St., Colorado Springs, Colo., Sept. 24, 1910. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 5 L, Boston.

Takes More Than That. "Truth lies at the bottom of a well."

"Yes, and unlike most wells, you can't raise it by hot air."—Baltimore American.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

It's an ill-timed watch that causes a man to miss his train.

50¢ BUDGET TOBACCO

COUPON IN EACH PACKAGE

50¢ BUDGET TOBACCO

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50¢ BUDGET TOBACCO

COUPON IN EACH PACKAGE

50¢ BUDGET TOBACCO

COUPON IN EACH PACKAGE

50¢ BUDGET TOBACCO

An Early Frohman. First. Medea's Manager—How's your latest miracle play? Second. Ditto—Fine. Thought it would be a failure, though, 'till we hit on something that's got the women coming in droves. F. M. M.—How so? Second. Ditto—We lost the baby that we used in the Solomon-and-the-Two-Mothers' baby scene, and have been using a tin-dog ever since.—Puck.

DISTEMPER In all its forms among all ages of horses, as well as dogs, cured and others in same stable prevented from having the disease with SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 500,000 bottles sold last year. \$50 and \$1.00. Any good druggist, or send to manufacturer. Agents Wanted. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Felt Safe. "I always enjoy going to the first performance of a new play." "Why the first?" "Because I'm always sure then that the man who sits behind me hasn't seen it before."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

In Life's Twilight. There is an evening twilight of the heart, when its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest.—Halleck.

Diphtheria, Quinsy and Tonsillitis begin with sore throat. How much better to cure a sore throat in a day or two than to be in bed for weeks with Diphtheria. Just keep Handlin's Wizard Oil in the house.

The man who succeeds must work hard, but not so hard as the one who falls.

Aids Nature

The great success of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in curing weak stomachs, wasted bodies, weak lungs, and obstinate and lingering coughs, is based on the recognition of the fundamental truth that "Golden Medical Discovery" supplies Nature with body-building, tissue-repairing, muscle-making materials, in condensed and concentrated form. With this help Nature supplies the necessary strength to the stomach to digest food, build up the body and thereby throw off lingering obstinate coughs. The "Discovery" re-establishes the digestive and nutritive organs in sound health, purifies and enriches the blood, and nourishes the nerves—in short establishes sound vigorous health.

If your dealer offers something "just as good," it is probably better FOR HIM—It pays better. But you are thinking of the cure not the profit, so there's nothing "just as good" for you. Say so.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in Plain English, or Medicine Simplified, 1008 pages, over 700 illustrations, newly revised up-to-date Edition, paper-bound, sent for 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only. Cloth-bound, 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

PERFECTION SMOKELESS

Always ready for use. Safest and most reliable. The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater is just like a portable fireplace.

It gives quick glowing heat wherever, whenever, you want it. A necessity in fall and spring, when it is not cold enough for the furnace. Invaluable as an auxiliary heater in midwinter. Drums of blue enamel or plain steel, with nickel trimmings.

Ask your dealer to show you a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater, or write to any agency of Standard Oil Company (Incorporated).

W. L. DOUGLAS

2.50, 3.00, 3.50 & 4.00 SHOES

All Styles, All Leathers, All Sizes and Widths, for Men and Women

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS

The workmanship which has made W. L. Douglas shoes famous the world over is maintained in every pair.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then realize why I warrant them to hold their shape, fit and look better and wear longer than other makes for the price.

CAUTION The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes Sent Everywhere—All Charges Prepaid.

How to Order by Mail.—If W. L. Douglas shoes are not sold in your town, send direct to factory. Take measurements of foot as shown in model; state style desired; size and width usually worn; plain or cap toe; heavy, medium or light sole. I will do the largest shoe most order business in the world.

Illustrated Catalog Free. W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

Rayo Lamps and Lanterns

Scientifically constructed to give most light for the oil they burn.

Easy to light, clean and rewick. In numerous finishes and styles, each the best of its kind.

Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo Lamps and Lanterns, or write for illustrated booklet direct to any agency of the Standard Oil Company (Incorporated).

CHEW AND SMOKE

MAIL POUCH TOBACCO

"TREAT YOURSELF to the BEST"

COUPON IN EACH PACKAGE

COUPON IN EACH PACKAGE

COUPON IN EACH PACKAGE

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COUPON IN EACH PACKAGE

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

Thanksgiving services next Sunday. John Leonard is in Chicago this week.

Arthur Wilton spent Sunday in Chicago.

W. Deylitz took in the Land Show Tuesday.

W. G. Hucker is the possessor of a new automobile.

Mrs. Chas. Jarvis and daughter are visiting in Chicago.

Mrs. H. Potter and daughter Miss Fae spent Friday in Chicago.

Ben Summers has obtained a position as street car conductor in the city.

Mr. Rayman and family have moved over the store occupied by A. Roth.

The entertainment this Saturday evening, subject "Playball" given by Mr. Henry Clark.

RUSSELL

Murrie Bros. held a barn-raising last Friday.

The Sunday school decided to have a tree Christmas eve.

Miss Verna Young of Gurnee was a caller here Sunday.

Miss Ruth Close of Milwaukee is visiting her cousin here.

The bazaar proceeds amounted to \$75 and all enjoyed a good time.

Wm. Dawse left Saturday for Denver, Colorado, to spend the winter.

The Oak Dale cemetery society met with Mrs. W. Siver of Kenosha Thursday.

G. F. Crittenden bought about a \$1000 worth of poultry for the Thanksgiving market.

Conscientious.

An editor of a New York magazine recently received a story of which the scene was laid in the state of Washington. He wished to have the story illustrated, and in order to obtain the best local detail he sent the manuscript to a young artist out in Washington. Before doing so, however, he scrawled hastily across the top of the first page the address of the writer, which did not otherwise appear on the manuscript. It was "Shelton, Wash." With the story the editor sent a letter asking the artist to make a wash drawing of a certain effective scene and forward it as soon as possible. By return mail the editor received an anxious reply from the youthful artist, saying: "I note that you wish me to use Shelton, Wash. I do not know of any such wash, nor do any of the dealers out here. If you can send me a tube I shall be glad to make the drawing."

The Forest.

Seeking inspiration, I leave the city and go to the forest, journeying there by the path of memory, for chains, self-urged, prove too strong for release from city desk.

I visit in thought its oratory, whispering a prayer of love and praise, place flowers upon the altar of stones made beautiful with velvet of moss and lichen lace.

The winds teach my lips a new song, the sun grants my eyes fresh vision, earth fastens wings on my feet.

As I walk through its aisles I am shriven of weariness, weakness, fear. At the font of a spring am I baptized into new understanding.

Then, receiving the benediction of the trees, I return again to my desk, renewed in spirit, strength and, above all, in love.—From the Craftsman.

Without Ceremony.

More or less ceremony usually attends the laying of a corner stone, but in one case at least it was laid quite simply.

Two Chicago men were talking of the fortune of a third when one said: "He made his first lucky strike in eggs. He bought 10,000 dozen at a low figure, put them in cold storage and sold them at a profit of more than 300 per cent. That was the corner stone of his present fortune."

"Ah!" exclaimed the other man; "then the hens laid it!"

Harmless Fad.

"I suppose in these ragtime days you sell very little classical music?"

"More than you would imagine," answered the music dealer. "Almost everybody buys a few sheets to place on the piano when company calls."

BARKER'S
IN THIS MEDICINE FOR
Rheumatism, Coughs, Colds
and Catarrh. All Dealers

For Sale by B. H. Overton

HICKORY

Mrs. King spent last week at Antioch.

Mrs. D. B. Webb, visited in Chicago the past week.

Miss Anna Pedersen visited over Sunday in Waukegan.

Mr. and Mrs. Holderiff are entertaining relatives from Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Hunter visited Sunday at Harry Tilletson's.

Harold Winker left for Madison, Wis., this week to attend school.

Mrs. Earl Edwards and children returned home, to the city, last week.

A box social at the church Friday evening, Dec. 1, and a short program. Ladies bring box with lunch for two. Every one come.

To Clean the Coffee Pot.

Never wash the inside of a tea or coffee pot with soap. If they be of granite or agate ware, and become discolored, merely fill the pot with cold water, add one teaspoonful of borax and heat gradually until the water reaches the boiling point. Rinse with hot water, wipe and keep on back of range until perfectly dry.—Suburban Life.

Sun Acts as Timepiece.

There is no need for clocks on the Aegean sea any day when the sun is shining. There nature has arranged her only timepiece, one that does not vary through the centuries pass. This natural time marker is the largest sun dial in the world. Projecting into the blue waters of the sea is a large promontory which lifts its head 3,000 feet above the waves. As the sun swings round, the pointed shadow of the mountain just touches one after the other a number of small islands, which are at exact distances apart and act as hour marks on the great dial.

Fires of Buffalo Chips.

On the plains where wood was unknown buffalo chips supplied the camp fire that cooked the meals of the plainsmen. The old time prospector with his wagon and mules, carried with him on the plains a store of blocks sawed from a 2 by 6 pine plank. When meal time came he chopped a block into many small pieces. If his fire, cooked his bacon and boiled his tea or coffee, all of which he succeeded in doing successfully by proper management.

Superstition of "The King's Evil."

"James I., when he was brought to England, had strong theological objections to the old superstition of the royal gift of healing, and requested to be spared from performing the traditional ceremony. His English advisers, however, were well aware of the peculiar value set upon it in the southern kingdom, and urged that to relinquish it would rob the crown of a portion of its dignity. James prudently resigned himself."—"The King's Evil," by Raymond Crawford.

Tones of Insects.

An investigator, given to the collection of curious data, has observed that there are at least three different tones emitted by insects; a low one during flight, a higher one when the wings are held in such manner that they do not vibrate, and a yet higher tone when the insect is held so that none of its limbs can be moved. This last, it is pointed out, is the "voice proper" of the insect. In some cases it is produced by the pulsations of the thorax.

Fireless Cooker Improved.

A decided disadvantage of the fireless cooker is that it is not entirely fireless, for the heat of a stove or gas jet is necessary in order to bring the food to be cooked to the proper temperature where the cooking process continues after being placed in the interior of the cooker. A new form of the fireless cooker makes use of the electric current for the purpose of imparting this initial heat, and the combination is said to represent a great convenience and economy.

Way to Oil a Clock.

When a clock does not run continuously, or stops frequently, the cause is often due to a lack of oil. This may be remedied by saturating a piece of absorbent cotton with kerosene oil and placing it inside the clock, below the pendulum. When the cotton is removed a month or so later it is found to be very dirty. This shows that the fumes of the kerosene oil have not only oiled the clock, but have also cleaned it.—Pictorial Review.

Beneficent Work of Nature.

Through the assisted immigration of plants the timber resources of America have been enlarged and its orchards have been rendered more productive and valuable. Grain crops have been made surer and larger and food for domestic animals has become more varied and more satisfactory.

Might Better Wait.

Many a woman has made the terrible mistake of marrying merely to show the public that she had the chance.

OLD ENGLISH INNS REMAIN OVER THE SHOSHONE FALLS

These Charming Places on the Post Roads Have Changed Little in Many Years.

A history of the coach roads out of London would be a history of England, and the stories of the inns alone would make a fat volume. They are still charming inns, with the same oak rafters and oak wainscoting, the same stuffed trout and foxes in dusty glass cases. They are as they were when they sold brandy in casks that had been thrown shoreward of Brighton and washed into the hands of waiting smugglers; as they were when a day broke, a masked gentleman on a gray mare would rap gently with his whip on their green shutters. And, then the inns themselves, what could be more charming than their names?

Such names as the Angel of the Annunciation, at Staines on the last change into Windsor, which dates back to the days of the monasteries when the innkeeper of that tavern was a lay brother, and on the last stage to Box Hill, the Robin Hood Inn, which dates back to that man himself, and those other inns that celebrate the stars of the animal kingdom in spell-catchers: The White Hart at Henfield on the Brighton Road, the Dan Horse of Manning's Heath, the White Horse of Dorking, the Bull at Molesey, the Bear at Esher, the Lion at Guildford, and at Wimbledon the Dog and Fox. Great men have stopped at these inns, and while we change horses the landlord will point out the windows of the rooms in which they rested—the first man of Europe on his way to Brighton, Lord Nelson on his way to join his ship at Portsmouth, and Sheridan, Pope, Mr. Peppys, Walpole, Dick Turpin, Captain Henry Esmond, Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller and David Copperfield. Richard Harding Davis in the Metropolitan.

LAMB QUIT TAKING SNUFF

Threw Box Away on Hampstead Heath, but Was Searching for It Next Morning.

Hamstead Heath may yet contain a precious relic of Charles Lamb. "One summer's evening," writes Hone, "I was walking on Hampstead Heath with Charles Lamb, and we had talked ourselves into a philosophic contempt of our slavery to the habit of snuff taking, and with the firm resolution of never again taking a single pinch we threw our snuffboxes away from the hill on which we stood, far among the furze and brambles below, and went home in triumph; I began to be very miserable, was wretched all night; in the morning I was walking on the same hill; I saw Charles Lamb below, searching among the bushes; he looked up laughing, and saying, 'What you are come to look for your snuff-box too!'"

"Oh, no," said I, taking a pinch out of a paper in my waistcoat pocket. "I went for a halfpenny worth to the first shop that was open."—London Chronicle.

Expensive Slip.

A well-dressed man was hurrying along the Rue de Passy, Paris, when he slipped, and falling forward dashed his elbow through the window of a wine shop. The proprietor rushed out to claim the price of his window and a large crowd gathered to see fair play. The man who had broken the window protested that he had no money. "Search him!" shouted some one in the crowd. There were no policemen about, so the wine shop keeper and a few friends took the law into their own hands, searched the man's pockets and found a £20 note.

The crowd advised the wine shop keeper to pay himself well for his broken window. He took £2 to pay for his broken glass, and the unpopular man who had broken it went away with a torn coat and £18 change. The £20 note was a forgery.

The Paper Boat.

Bobby's Aunt Bess had been telling him about her travels in Switzerland, describing particularly her visit to Lake Luzerne. "We got aboard the little newspaper boat that sails all over the lake, Bobby," she remarked. Bobby listened to this statement in round-eyed wonder, but made no comment. Later he said to his mother: "Mamma, do you know people go sailing in paper boats on Lake Luzerne? Isn't it awful queer?" "Nonsense, Bobby. People couldn't sail in paper boats. Where did you get such an absurd notion?" "Aunt Bess told me that she and Uncle Bill got aboard a little paper boat and sailed all over Lake Luzerne," insisted Bobby. Then Bobby's mother explained.

Burglar Dies From Fright.

A man named Albert Bism suddenly fell down dead yesterday on being surprised while committing a burglary.

The concierge of a house in Vienna when returning to her dwelling found a young man engaged in searching a cupboard with his back toward the door. She shrieked: "What are you doing there?" whereupon the man threw up his hands and fell backward on the floor. A post mortem established the fact that death was due to heart failure from fright.—Vienna correspondence London Standard.

Love at Second Sight.

"Was it a case of love at first sight?" "No, second sight. The first time he saw her he didn't know she was a waitress."—Judge.

Except Fish, a Red Collie Is Only Animal That Has Made Plunge and Survived.

The only living thing except the fish that has ever gone over the Shoshone Falls in Idaho and came through alive is a red collie belonging to a hotel man in Shoshone. At Shoshone the Snake River plunges into a cavern with less than a foot between the surface of the rushing waters and the roof of jagged rock. Sharp-toothed rocks bristle above the swirling currents, and cruel stones project from the slippery sides. From this subterranean passage the river emerges on the edge of a great canyon, over the brink of which it dashes in a thundering cataract of foam and spray 220 feet to the abyemal depths below. The falls of Shoshone are sixty feet higher than Niagara Falls.

A child pulled a red collie over the falls and the dog was promptly condemned to death by his owner, who took him to Snake river and threw him in just outside the cavern, and when the dog, battling bravely for his life, was swept out of sight into its mysterious mouth, he was considered a dead dog.

Half an hour later a boy hurried into the hotel and informed the master that his collie was sitting on a half submerged rock below the falls nowling for help. Filled with remorse, the dog's owner hastened to his rescue with ropes and a boat, and the Shoshone attended the dog's triumphant return to his home, where his penitent owner gave him the best in the larger and a soft cushion behind the bar for the rest of his days. Beyond a few trifling scratches and the loss of his toe nails, the dog was none the worse for his terrible experience.

BURGLAR WAS MARRIED MAN

Little Story of the Housebreaker, the Victim and the Too Skeptical Wife.

"I woke up suddenly the other night and thought I heard a burglar in the room. I sat up in bed and that awake my wife."

"What did she do?" "She accused me, as usual, of having a burglar bug. Said I'd never hear a real burglar if I live a thousand years. I said I'd bet I would. She said she'd bet I wouldn't. And just then a shadowy form rose from behind the dresser and a hoarse voice exclaimed, 'He wins, m'am!'"

"Did you catch him?"

"Catch him! I didn't try. I just lay there and laughed, and heard him slam the door and run down the street. And say, my wife was so mad she didn't speak to me for a whole day. But I'll bet one thing."

"What is it?"

"I'll bet that burglar was a married man."

The Tipping Evil. When Toole, the famous actor, was playing an exceptionally fine engagement with a company in London he said to the manager laughingly: "Oh, by the way, if my wife comes down next week don't say anything about the big receipts. You see, I've a lot of nephews and nieces, and they all expect this from Uncle Johnnie. Last year they had over £400 from me, and my wife thinks I rather overdo it."

Sword in Heart of a Tree.

Embedded in the heart of a plank of wood taken from a railway station platform at Oakley, Fifeshire, Scotland, there has been found a sword measuring over two feet long. The plank had been in use for at least fifteen years. The weapon, which was of an old-fashioned type, a short cross piece forming the handle, was in good preservation, and it is believed had been picked up by the tree at an early period of its existence and encircled with the growth.

Castor Oil for Palms.

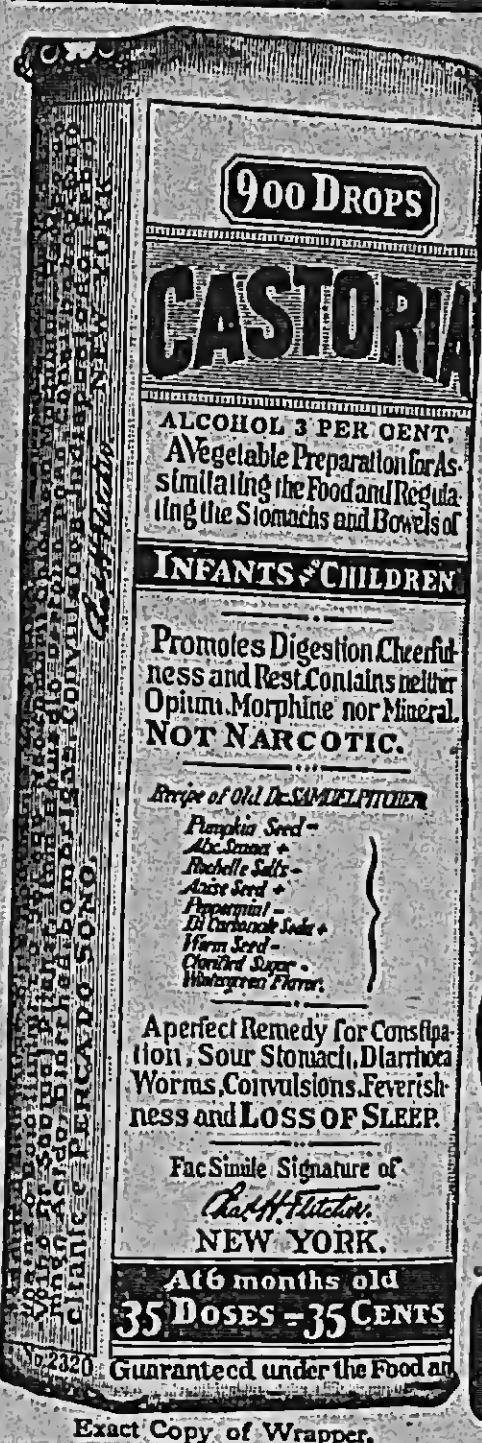
Four or five drops of castor oil allowed to trickle down into the heart of a palm will remove the scales. Apply the dose about once a week. Lukewarm soap suds should be used to wash off the dead scales. Then rinse in cold water. This is an excellent remedy for a common plant ailment.—New Ideas Magazine.



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Primitive Race.

In the more inaccessible parts of the Sierra Madre mountains in northern Mexico live a curious people called the Tarahumara. Many of them dwell in caves, but they have also small villages, all of them about 8,000 feet above sea level. The Tarahumara are small in body, but possessed of much endurance. Their only food is maize, and they manufacture a drink called teshehu from the same cereal. Their language is limited to about 300 words, and they cannot count beyond ten.

British.

Within the narrow compass of the British Isles no fewer than seven languages are spoken. The most English Welsh, Irish, Gaelic, Breton, Cornish, and Cornish in Cornwall. These languages are spoken by the people of the world.

Art Anachronism.

"It is generally acknowledged that the most brilliant little country officer the nation has ever produced was Oliver Cromwell. It is, therefore, peculiarly unfortunate—but it is nevertheless a fact—that on the statue of the Protector which stands outside Westminster hall the spurs are represented as attached to the boots upside down! Further, the left spur is on the right foot, and the right is on the left, while it is insisted by the best experts that the spurs are not of the period."—Barnum Book.

Wanted to Patent a Circus.

P. T. Barnum once came to the office to know if he could patent the three-ring circus. In technical parlance his three-ring circus was an arrangement and not a combination to produce a new result. Therefore it was not patentable, which information highly incensed the showman. "It will be adopted by every circus just as soon as I make it known," he declared. And it was.—From the Scientific American's "Ten Stories."

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